

A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
DRAMAS AND TALES.

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DAMON AND PYTHIAS;

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DIONYSIUS, tyrant of Syracuse.

GELON, one of his favourites.

ARGUS, captain of his guards.

PALINURUS, captain of a vessel.

DAMON, a citizen of Syracuse.

PYTHIAS, a citizen of Corinth.



*The scene lies in an inner apartment of
the palace of Dionysius.*

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

A DRAMA.



SCENE I.



DIONYSIUS, GELON, *and* ARGUS.

Dion. Let me see whom I have to order to-day for execution [*Opening his Memorandum-book*]. According to Pythias' promise, the hour is almost arrived for his return from Corinth, and for his perishing on the scaffold.

Gelon. And does your highness think he will return?

Dion. I must confess that I should be astonished to behold him. But, on the other hand, what would become of Damon his friend, who became a hostage for him, and who offered to die in his stead?

Argus. I have just left his prison. He beseeches your grace to grant him this morning a moment's audience.

Dion. To solicit his pardon, no doubt ! But my decrees are not to be contemned with impunity. If Pythias do not return this very day—

Gelon. The traitor ! his only wish, he said, was to revisit his native country, and to take leave of his wife and children. The time your highness was graciously pleased to grant him, was sufficient for a much longer journey ; but from the beginning I suspected him of perfidy. Whilst I am speaking, he is perhaps associated with some lawless banditti to waylay and assassinate you. Oh ! thou best of kings, how I tremble for thy life ! A secret foreboding chills my blood. You can no longer doubt, my lord, that he and Damon have formed a plot to surprise you. Who knows that it is not with some treacherous design that he is now soliciting an audience ? (. ' . ')

Dion. I shudder at the thought:—I will not see him. I will just pay a visit to my daughters. Gelon, wait for me here a moment : Argus, do you take care that the vigilance of my guards around me be not relaxed.

[*He goes out by a private door. Argus is going away by a door on the opposite side of the stage, but is stopped by Gelon.*]

SCENE II.

GELON, *and* ARGUS.

Gelon. A word with you, Argus.

Argus. What are your commands, my lord?

Gelon. Let the palace gates be this day shut to all except Palinurus. Take special care that no secret enemy of the king find admittance under the pretext of imploring his clemency in behalf of Damon.

Argus. Alas! Who would venture to intercede for him?

Gelon. He does not deserve pity.

Argus. Ah, my lord, let me at least be permitted to lament his fate!

Gelon. Beware of manifesting such feelings. I perceive you are as credulous as the giddy multitude. Damon is an impostor, who expected to deceive the king by his false heroism, and thus to save the life of his friend.

Argus. You must allow that he has very generously exposed his own.

Gelon. Could he have acted otherwise? He was too much in dread that Pythias, in the agonies of torture, would accuse him as being an accomplice in the treason.

Argus. But Pythias himself was not convicted.

Gelon. His crime must remain a secret in my breast; the welfare of the state will not allow it to be disclosed. Let my orders be obeyed. I again repeat them in the name of the king, and re-

member that your life is answerable to me for their being punctually executed.

[Argus bows, and exit without making any answer.]

SCENE III.

GELON *solus*.

Fortune, I thank thee! with thy aid I shall to-day get rid of the last Syracusan whose virtues are an obstacle to the exercise of my power. He has sought his own destruction. I only thought of ruining Pythias, the opulent Corinthian, in order to enrich myself with his spoils; and I am also enabled to revenge myself on the haughty Damon. He will find, when it is too late, what is the consequence of contemning the favourite of a tyrant; and as for thee, Dionysius, I well know to what I am to attribute thy bounties. In vain dost thou talk to me of friendship; thou loadest me with riches, in order to stimulate me to execute

thy cruelties, to which, in my turn, thou wouldst also make me fall a victim. But I shall ward off thy blows. When thou hast raised me a step higher, I shall hurl thee down the same precipice, which thou in thy heart intendest for me. [*He perceives some one advancing with wary steps.*] What do I see!

SCENE IV.

GELON, AND PALINURUS.

Gelon. Palinurus, is it you?

Pal. Yes, my lord.

Gelon. Well— [*Eagerly.*]

Pal. Are we alone?

Gelon. Speak without fear; Dionysius is this moment gone hence.

Pal. I am just landed, and I have not lost an instant in coming hither to acquaint you with the success of your orders.

Gelon. I am all impatience; have you fulfilled them?

Pal. You have no longer any thing to fear from Pythias.

Gelon. You give me new life.—You could not have chosen a more happy moment to announce to me these good tidings. I long to be informed of all the circumstances you have to relate.

Pal. Your lordship knows that, according to the commands of Dionysius, I put to sea with Pythias on board, for Corinth; and with orders from you to prevent his ever more reaching that or any other port. The third night after our departure from Syracuse, the winds began to howl, the angry seas to roar; and Jove's thunder itself, as if the powers of heaven had all combined to favour our design, burst with fury over our heads.—

Gelon. Go on—

Pal. By the flashes of lightning I perceived Pythias on the deck, kneeling, and with uplifted hands: "Immortal Gods," said he, "it is not my own pre-

servation, but that of my friend I ask ! Grant me only the time necessary for breaking the chains with which his affection for me has loaded him ! I shall resign my life when I have saved his. Oh ! do not, by my premature death, render Damon a victim to his virtue ! You, who see into the hearts of men, know that you have not a nobler image upon earth.”—“Thou outragest the Gods,” answered I, “in daring to compare them with a mortal. Thus do they punish thy impiety.” So saying, I threw him headlong into the fathomless deep, which swallowed him up for ever.

Gelon. Oh Palinurus, how much I am indebted to you ! who but you could have so bravely seconded my revenge ! After Damon’s death, his riches shall be the reward of your services. Hark ! I hear the king ; remember, Pythias refused to return with you.

SCENE V.

DIONYSIUS, GELON, PALINURUS, *and*
GUARDS.

Dion. How comes that audacious stranger here? Guards, seize him.

Gelon. May it please your majesty to recal your orders. He is Captain Palinurus, to whom, in the generosity of your heart, you entrusted Pythias, in order to be conveyed to Corinth.

Dion. How! has he brought him back?

Pal. No, sire. Pythias was no sooner in safety upon his native shore, than he said, that my further attendance was unnecessary, and that I was at liberty to return to Syracuse. These were all the orders with which he charged me for Damon.

Dion. You may yourself carry them to him; since I have now no pardon to grant him, let him be brought before

me. [*To one of his guards.*] Go, and tell Argus to bring him hither.

[*Exit guard.*]

Gelon. Your majesty will now be sensible that my suspicions against Pythias were well founded.

Dion. He deserves death.

Gelon. What horrible treachery! to allow his best friend to die in his stead! Could he give a more convincing proof^a of his guilt towards you? Take my advice, let his accomplice this very moment meet with the reward due to his crime. He deserves to suffer for having frustrated your just vengeance.

Dion. It is not my intention any longer^a to defer his execution.

Gelon. Surely then your majesty does not mean to hear him?

Dion. Yes, I will hear him.—His confidence in friendship is an outrage to common sense, and it will give me pleasure to overthrow his system.

Gelon. Here he comes.

SCENE VI.

DIONYSIUS, GELON, PALINURUS, DAMON
in chains, and GUARDS.

Dion. Damon, this is the day appointed for the return of Pythias.

Damon. Alas ! I tremble, for the day is not yet over.

Dion. Why dost thou not rather implore the gods to lengthen its course?

Damon. What dost thou say, Dionysius? Thou art incapable of conceiving the nature of either my wishes or my fears. Ah ! if the night were but come ! Be propitious, ye winds, and prevent the vessel of my friend from reaching the port until to-morrow ! Oh ! procure me the satisfaction of sacrificing my life to save his.

Dion. If that satisfaction be so sweet, thou mayest soon experience it.

Damon. I am transported with joy !—
I feared more the virtue of Pythias than
I fear thy executioners.

Dion. Banish thy fears. Palinurus will inform thee that Pythias never means to return.

Pal. I can certify from him that it will be henceforth useless to wait for him.

Damon. [*With great warmth.*] Silence, vile calumniator. If you had said that his wife, his children, and all his fellow-citizens were eagerly anxious to withhold him, and offer themselves in his stead, I might, for a moment, have believed the imposture; but never was he the villain you represent him.

Dion. Strange infatuation!

Damon. Pythias will be here to-day, if he have not ceased to exist. But no, he yet lives. The gods will not suffer the most virtuous of mortals to perish, when I can redeem his life, by the sacrifice of mine.

Dion. Dost thou refuse to believe so formal a testimony?

Damon. I have more faith in the

virtue of Pythias. Dionysius, it is now time to remind thee of thy promise.

Dion. What did I promise thee?

Damon. That no harm should come to Pythias in case of his arriving after my death.

Dion. Fool that thou art! canst thou not see that the traitor is sporting with thy credulity! Whilst thou art now trembling for his safety, his heart is elated at having thus imposed upon thee.

Damon. It is from friends like thine that such treacherous conduct is to be expected. I know mine better than thou dost. Would to God I could as firmly rely on thy oath as I can on his word!

Gelon. What daring insolence, sire!

Dion. He is going to expiate it on the scaffold.

Damon. I am more impatient to suffer than thou art to see thy sentence executed—I ask thee only one thing: once

more swear to spare Pythias on his return.

Dion. Why ask such a useless pledge? The hypocrite is too careful of his life to have occasion for it.

Damon. Dionysius, it is sufficiently impious not to believe in virtue; do not insult it.

Dion. It ill suits thee to defend the virtue to which thou art about to become a martyr.

Damon. With my last breath I will do homage to it.

Dion. Thy headstrong fanaticism excites my pity.

Damon. I do not ask pity; I implore thy justice. Order me for execution; but swear to spare Pythias. Let me descend into the tomb with the hopes of having saved him.

Dion. Since it is only a superfluous oath, I give it thee. If Pythias return after thy death, I swear that no harm shall come to him.

Damon. [*With raised hands.*] Immortal gods, receive his oath, which should he ever attempt to violate, may your thunderbolts crush him in the act. [*To Dionysius.*] Tyrant, I am satisfied. I have snatched one innocent victim from thy cruel hands. I throw another at thy feet. [*Kneeling.*] Let me clasp thy knees to obtain a favour which cannot cost thee dear.

Dion. Speak.

Damon. Order me this moment for execution. I must be sufficiently guilty in thy sight, since I have ventured to brave thy indignation.

Dion. Thou shalt be satisfied. Bear him away to the scaffold. Argus, assemble all my guards to keep the people in awe. Let the first person who dares to murmur be put to death. [*The guards having laid hold of Damon, drag him away.*]

Damon. [*Going out.*] Great God, I thank thee! I have saved my friend.

SCENE VII.

DIONYSIUS, GELON, *and* PALINURUS.

Dion. [*After a short silence.*] Damon must either be mad, or the most generous of all mortals. If he had asked his own pardon, I think I could not have refused it.

Gelon. Oh, best of kings! Never did criminal dare to brave you with so much boldness, and yet your generous heart melted for him! But in this case, sire, your clemency might be attended with the most fatal consequences. The ferocious Syracusans would not fail to mistake it for weakness, and consequently increase in insolence.

Dion. You are right; such a rigorous example is without doubt necessary for my safety. Rebellious people! your blood must be drained, and you must be bowed down with sufferings before, if possible to reign over you.

Gelon. Since Pythias is guilty, Damon must be an accomplice in his crime. He therefore doubly deserves death.

Dion. Gelon, I thank you for your zeal in my behalf: continue to find the victims which it is necessary to immolate in order to support my power. Additional honours and riches shall be the pledge of my favour. Palinurus, go and make known to the people the treachery of Pythias, and particularly the crime of Damon. I would not have him inspire the smallest spark of pity. [*Palinurus is going out, but returns as if terrified.*]

SCENE VIII.

DIONYSIUS, GELON, PALINURUS, ARGUS,
DAMON and PYTHIAS, *the two latter in chains*; GUARDS.

Dion. What do I behold?

Gelon. Treacherous Palinurus. [*Aside.*

Argus. My lord, as I was leading Damon to execution, this stranger came running towards me; and, out of breath, cried: "Stop—unbind my friend. Damon is no longer your hostage; behold Pythias; it is I alone who must suffer." They rushed into each other's arms, and both strove with as much eagerness to ascend the scaffold, as if they were contending for a throne. I therefore considered it my duty to bring them both before you.

Dion. [*With the greatest surprise.*] Is it real? Do my eyes deceive me?

Damon. My fears are realized. Ah, Dionysius! why didst thou not order my execution one hour sooner?

Pyth. And do you think I could have survived your death, of which I alone should have been the cause. I your murderer, my beloved friend! you make my blood freeze. Praised be the gods for having at last seconded my impa-

tience! Oh, Damon, let me hold you to my heart and press you for the last time! [*They embrace.*

Damon. Faithful but cruel friend! Ah, Dionysius! spare Pythias, or let us die together!

Pyth. Tyrant, thou art astonished at my return. My miraculous preservation forces thee to believe in the gods, whom in thy heart thou wouldst annihilate. When thou gavest orders for my being thrown into the sea, thou did'st not foresee that a pitying wave might bear me to the neighbouring rocks.

Damon. You have not visited your country! You have not seen your wife and children!

Pyth. Could I think of enjoying such a pleasure, when the shortest delay might have been so fatal to you?

Damon. How unfortunate I am! I have then done nothing for you!

Pyth. What do you say? Did you

not risk your life to endeavour to procure me a consolation of which I was deprived by fate? what anguish has that thought caused me! Wandering over barren rocks, and watching day and night to descry some distant vessel, it was no longer for Corinth that my vows were formed. I incessantly called on Syracuse, Syracuse

Damon. You well know that at my last breath, I should not have doubted the integrity of your heart.

Pyth. And I might have betrayed that generous confidence! Some god, moved at length by my despair, vouchsafed to send me assistance: a light bark, after long contending with the raging billows, reached at last my rock, and conveyed me in safety to these shores. Being at length easy on your account, heaven knows with what ardor I kissed the ground! Dionysius, I am now in thy power; set my friend at liberty; thou mayest afterwards arm thy executioners,

or my assassin whom thou seest before thee. [*Pointing to Palinurus.*

Dion. What do I hear, Palinurus? Speak instantly the truth, or the most cruel torments shall force it from thee.

Pal. My lord, I only obeyed your favourite's commands. Gelon ordered me to avail myself of the first favourable opportunity to throw Pythias, during the night, into the sea.

Pyth. Ah, Gelon! I forgive you for having invented crimes, and for having attributed them to me, in order to enrich yourself with my spoils: I forgive you for having attempted to take away my life: but what had my friend done to you to involve him so cruelly in my ruin?

Dion. Wretches! answer.

Gelon. [*In the greatest consternation.*] Can you doubt, sire, that my care for your safety—

Dion. Silence, knave. Pythias was innocent, and you well knew it. Friend-

ship in guilty hearts is not so heroic. Noble friends, be free.—Miscreants, you must die. Argus, deliver them over to the executioner.

Pyth. Stop, Dionysius, you have just felt how pleasing it is to be just—

Damon. Learn what satisfaction is derived from generosity.

Dion. What men are you who can thus prostrate yourselves to supplicate forgiveness for your murderers? But I cannot comply with your desire; they must suffer. The present is the only request I can ever refuse you. Go, Gelon, find a friend willing to sacrifice himself for you; it is on that condition alone that I can grant your pardon.

Damon and Pyth. Ah, sire!

Dion. It is in vain. After having shed so much innocent blood, I will not spare criminals. The traitor! I have just seen into the bottom of his heart. Am I then condemned never to find a faithful friend? It is from you, ye incompa-

able mortals, that I expect this happiness. Leave me the hopes of one day becoming a third in your friendship●

THE
SIEGE OF COLCHESTER;
A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FAIRFAX, general under Cromwell.

EDMOND, his son.

LORD CAPEL, general under the king.

ARTHUR, his son.

MORGAN, }
SURREY, } Aid-de-camps to Fairfax.

KINGSTON, Aid-de-camp to lord Capel.

THE
SIEGE OF COLCHESTER;
A DRAMA.

SCENE I.

FAIRFAX, *and* MORGAN.

Fairf. [*Reading a paper which Morgan has just delivered to him.*] Has the last night's attack cost us so many brave soldiers?

Morg. Yes, General, eight hundred men, and they were picked troops.

Fairf. If this loss had been counter-balanced by some success! But after so many assaults, Colchester still holds out against the force of our arms. The example of Oxford elates the minds of the inhabitants, and swells the heart of Capel.

Morg. That man alone is a stronger defence to the city than all its ramparts: it is in vain that we attack it while he is determined to hold out.

Fairf. He shall not brave me much longer.

Morg. What do you say, my lord?

Fairf. If I cannot vanquish his obstinacy, his son shall force him to yield.

Morg. His son?

Fairf. Yes, Morgan: his son Arthur shall this day open for me the gates of Colchester. It is with this intention that I have sent for him and my son from London. They have just caused their arrival to be announced to me.

Morg. Here is Surrey returning from the fortress.

SCENE II.

FAIRFAX, MORGAN, *and* SURREY.

Fairf. Well, Surrey, is the truce accepted? Has Capel consented to the interview?

. *Surr.* Yes, my lord, hostilities are suspended for six hours: and this morning lord Capel will repair to your tent.

Fairf. In order, no doubt, to boast of his triumph. How did he receive you?

Surr. In a calm and undaunted manner; constancy is imprinted on his countenance.

Fairf. Shall this proud royalist remain alone unshaken, whilst even the tutelary genius of Albion is struck with terror! No, no, he shall soon tremble in his turn; I shall wring his soul. Surrey, conduct hither my son. [*Exit Surrey.*]

SCENE III.

FAIRFAX, *and* MORGAN.

Morg. May I presume to ask you, my lord, what your projects are? I cannot guess at them.

Fairf. I believe you cannot; but I must acquaint you with them. Last night I received information that the Duke of

Hamilton, with a numerous army, was advancing in order to succour the citadel: it was to frustrate this attempt that, before morning, I hazarded a third assault; you know with what success. Artifice shall put into my power what I have not been able to obtain by force.

Morg. How can Arthur assist you?

Fairf. I will represent to him his father's danger; they shall see each other in my camp: Arthur, fearing for the life of one so dear to him, will persuade him to surrender.

Morg. Do you believe, my lord, that he will be able to persuade him?

Fairf. I hope he will. He whom the universe in arms could not conquer, has been known to yield even to a woman's tears.

Morg. Capel is endowed with all the tenderness of a father; but he also possesses all the firmness of a hero.

Fairf. If he be not subjugated by the strong feelings of nature—But here is

my son: I want to speak to him in private. Take Arthur aside and spare no pains to induce him to enter into my views.

SCENE IV.

FAIRFAX, *and* EDMOND.

Fairf. Come to my arms, my son!

Edmond. [*Embracing him.*] Oh, my father! How happy am I that, in the tumult of camps, you still think of your son.

Fairf. Your joy will be much greater when you know my motives for sending for you.

Edmond. I am ready to receive your commands.

Fairf. They will be dear to your heart, if it be susceptible of friendship.

Edmond. You increase my anxiety to be informed of them.

Fairf. You can save Arthur from the greatest misfortune that can befall a son.

Edmond. What do you say? Oh, my father! I beg of you not to lose a moment.

Fairf. My lord Capel, by a blind obstinacy, is hurrying to his ruin: I admire his bravery, while I deplore his misfortune. The welfare of his son cannot be indifferent to me since he is your friend. Let us endeavour to save them both from destruction.

Edmond. What means can be employed? Ah! if they be in my power, with what eagerness I shall avail myself of them!

Fairf. I am to have an interview this morning with lord Capel: I shall procure him the satisfaction of embracing his son. But whilst I am expostulating with him on the dangers with which he is surrounded, I wish Arthur to support my remonstrances with his entreaties.

Edmond. Ah, sir! I fear—

Fairf. What do you fear? That he

will not succeed with him? My son, nature has given to children more power over their parents, than the law has granted to fathers over their children.

Edmond. I know Arthur, he is too submissive a son to attempt to dissuade his father from taking measures which he has already thought proper to adopt.

Fairf. But when circumstances render it his duty, every attempt he makes, is a proof of his respect and filial affection.

Edmond. He will never be brought to believe it.

Fairf. For his own welfare, we should endeavour to persuade him. Are you not his friend?

Edmond. His friend! Ah! next to my father, no one is more dear to me than Arthur. At this very moment, whilst our fathers are fighting against each other, how cheerfully would I lay down my own life to save his!

Fairf. I am so far from condemning

these transports, that I rejoice at them. They show my son's heart to be susceptible of the highest generosity. It is thus we must be inspired by such noble sentiments to deserve the name of friend. You would lose your life for your dear Arthur: it is now in your power to save him, without making that sacrifice. His life being therefore so dear to you, you must second my project. Go, bring him hither, and I will join with you in endeavouring to persuade him.

Edmond. I obey. [*Aside.*] But what can I say to him?

SCENE V.

FAIRFAX, and SURREY.

[*Fairfax looks thoughtful for a moment.*

Surrey approaches him.]

Surrey. My lord.

Fairf. Surrey, I was just going to send

for you. Whilst I am with my son and Arthur, go you to Morgan; bid him assemble my troops, and hold them ready for the first signal.

Surrey. Your lordship will excuse my saying, that such an order very much surprises me.

Fairf. I understand you. Be not uneasy on that account. By the rules of war, I am at liberty to surprise my enemy; but my word shall be inviolable. The truce you have obtained shall be faithfully observed. My only object is, that while I am exhorting the inexorable Capel to surrender, he may be struck at the sight of a brave and well disciplined army: this sight may probably have some effect on his obstinacy.

Surrey. But, my lord—

Fairf. [*Peremptorily.*] Go, and lose not a moment.

SCENE VI.

FAIRFAX, EDMOND, *and* ARTHUR.

[*Arthur advances respectfully, and salutes Fairfax.*]

Fairf. [*Taking him by the hand.*] My dear Arthur, I am rejoiced to see you. I know your friendship for my son; and this sentiment induces me to take an interest in your welfare. I this very day mean to give you a proof of it, by allowing you to see your father.

Arth. Then your lordship means to send me to the citadel, that I may fight at his side.

Fairf. I am not astonished at this martial ardor in the son of the brave Capel; but in the present circumstances, it would only prove a misfortune to you.

Arth. Do you call it a misfortune, to fight at my father's side, and to die for our king?

Fairf. Your father is then dearer to you than your own life?

Arth. Vouchsafe, my lord, to put the same question to your own son, and you will receive my answer.

Fairf. Well then, without losing your own life, you can preserve, or rather restore, that of your father.

Arth. Ah! tell me, what can I do for him?

Fairf. The citadel cannot hold out much longer; in a few days it will inevitably fall into our hands. Then, instead of the laurels which shade the brows of Capel, the axe of the executioner will await him.

Arth. I perceive your generous intentions: you wish to persuade my father's enemies to accept his son's head, instead of his own. How glorious is that son's destiny, to lay down his life at once for his father, and for his king! [*He throws himself at the feet of Fairfax.*] What thanks can I give you for having thought me thus worthy!

Edmond. [*Aside, and wiping away his tears.*] How much he will suffer upon being undeceived.

Fairf. [*Raising up Arthur, and embracing him.*] My young friend, you force me to esteem you, as much as I do the hero to whom you owe your birth : but can you really think me capable of exacting so cruel a sacrifice?

Arth. What then do you expect from me?

Fairf. An effort which will cost much less to you both. In a few minutes your father will arrive : join with me in entreating him to give up a fortress, which, notwithstanding his heroic efforts, cannot hold out much longer.

Arth. I, my lord?

Fairf. Call to his memory the terrible proscription pronounced by parliament; the scaffold streaming with his blood; the grief of his wife; his son's despair; the confiscation of all his property:—

represent to him this gulph of misfortune, into which his cruel obstinacy is ready to plunge you all !

Arth. My lord, you were just now pleased to express for me some esteem : were your heart and tongue then in unison ?

Fairf. Can you doubt it, Arthur ?

Arth. Allow me then to deserve your esteem, by considering your proposal as a trial to which you wish to put my virtue.

Fairf. You will sufficiently show your virtue, by snatching him from the horrors of a cruel death. When he beholds you at his feet, trembling for his fate, will he be able to resist the earnest supplications of his son ?

Arth. Although I were such a coward, my father knows too well what he owes to himself, to allow his conduct to be influenced by the tears of a child.

Fairf. If he be what you describe him,

he will be convinced that they flow from anxiety for his safety.

Arth. Put yourself in his place, my lord: if you were entrusted with the defense of a city, would you give it up at the solicitations of your son?

Fairf. [*Embarrassed.*] Ask my son what power he has over me! Ungrateful child! it is his attachment to you that makes me tremble for whatever has any connection with his friend. Your father also knows how strong are the ties between parents and children; he will not be insensible to the cries of nature.

Arth. He is only sensible to what he thinks his duty: and that will be a better monitor for him than I can be.

Fairf. Remember his life is in your hands.

Arth. Pardon me, my lord; his life is neither in my hands nor in your's.

Fairf. You are then determined not to save him.

. *Arth.* If it were in my power to save him, my blood might be demanded as a sacrifice; but I will not be an accomplice in any treason.

Fairf. In that high swoln pride I recognise the blood of Capel. Arthur, I give you but one moment to decide: I shall presently return for the last time to ask you, whether you had rather see your father on the scaffold than in the arms of fortune. Edmond, stay with him; and, since my compassion can avail nothing, try what impression your affection can make on him.

Arth. Your compassion, my lord? You are too generous; I never asked it. [*Fairfax looks furiously at him, and goes out without answering.*]

SCENE VII.

EDMOND, and ARTHUR.

[*They look for some time at each other without speaking.*]

Arth. Well, Edmond, what do you

mean to do ?—To serve your father, dare you persuade me to betray mine?

Edmond. No, my friend, we know each other too well: I am sure you no more think me capable of having formed that idea, than I believe you capable of suspecting me of it.

Arth. Shut your ears a moment to the voice of nature and of friendship. If you were Arthur, how would you act?

Edmond. I would, by imitating your firmness, endeavour to be worthy of the name which you ennoble. I certainly would not be instrumental to my father's being guilty of a base action!

Arth. With other sentiments than these, I should consider myself dishonoured in calling you my friend. Alas! I may not have long to call you by that name.

Edmond. Arthur, you do me an injustice; how have I deserved such a reflection?

Arth. Forgive me, Edmond, it is not

. you I fear, but who knows whether your father——

Edmond. Allow me to believe that he appreciates your virtue as highly as I do; let me still esteem the author of my days!

Arth. If he should forbid you to think of me?

Edmond. Do you believe that I then could obey him? Have I not always loved you as a brother? And can these ties be broken now, when every thing seems to bind them faster than ever? My father, with all his rights over me, never would give me such orders.

Arth. He himself formerly loved me; he rejoiced to see our growing friendship for each other. How often did he make us promise to live together in the same harmony as he did with his dear Capel! And you see with what blind fury he now seeks his ruin: not being able to take away his life, he is endeavouring to ~~finish our~~ ^{finish} him.

Edmond. Should he so far forget himself, (may heaven pardon the thought!) I shall, in my turn, forget that he is my father.

Arth. [Wiping his eyes.] Why should a name so endearing to our hearts occasion us so much uneasiness? Why cannot I think without shuddering on him who gave me birth? I know too well that the city cannot hold out much longer, and the gallant Capel is too proud to surrender. What will be his fate if he falls alive into the hands of his enemies! The greater the valour and the magnanimity which he has displayed, the stronger will be their desire to tarnish his glory! The most virtuous of Englishmen will be dragged like a criminal to the scaffold; and in his blood will his implacable enemies satiate their revenge.

Edmond. [With energy.] No, he shall not perish; I know one ~~who~~ will deliver him.

Arth. Who is he?

Edmond. Myself.

Arth. You, my dearest Edmond? You are blinded by the ardour of your friendship. Alas! I am afraid its efforts will be unavailing.

Edmond. Not so much as you imagine. But there is no time for deliberation: will you promise to be guided by my counsel?

Arth. Most readily, if my honour will permit me.

Edmond. You forget who it is that makes the proposal.

Arth. Speak.—I will obey.

Edmond. Then follow me; our horses are yet before the tent. Let us speed to France. I deliver myself up into your hands, as a hostage for Capel against the attempts of Fairfax.

Arth. What! I tear you from your father!

Edmond. He did not, he to snatch you from yours.

Arth. No, no, I will never be guilty of an action which I have just been blaming in another.

Edmond. My object is to prevent his committing it; dear Arthur, in the name of our friendship, it is for him, it is for myself, that I implore you: save, oh save my father from everlasting remorse! spare me the grief of seeing him a prey to the most poignant anguish!

Arth. Do you wish to behold me in the same situation?

Edmond. By no means;—no, this will be no ground of reproach to you. My father himself, when his first heat of passion is over, will bless you for thus preserving his honour.

Arth. You are not aware of what you ask: Edmond, I never can consent to it.

Edmond. [*Taking him by the hand, and forcing him off.*] I will hear you no longer; I ~~must~~ follow me,—let us be off.

SCENE VIII.

FAIRFAX, ARTHUR, EDMOND, *and* GUARDS.

Fairf. Guards, seize them both.

Arth. Oh, heavens, my dear Edmond!

Fairf. Ungrateful son! Is it thus you fulfil my orders?

Edmond. Did I promise you any thing?

Arth. [*Throwing himself at his feet.*] Ah, my lord! If your honour be dear to you, do not blame him for disobedience, or let me be punished in his stead; it was friendship for me that made him seek to withdraw from your authority.

Edmond. No, my lord; no, do not believe him; his generosity wishes to mislead you, by declaring himself guilty of what I alone projected. I had not even yet conquered his resistance. Allow me to say, that you have no right to treat my friend. Dispel of myself as

you please; my liberty and life belong to you: I immolate them to your wrath. Let it fall on me alone, and I shall not utter a complaint.

Fairf. Peace! I know whom I ought to punish. Guards, let each of them be confined in a separate part of my tent.

Arth. Ah! Let us, at least, be confined in the same prison.

Edmond. [*To the guards.*] No, you shall not tear him from my arms.

Fairf. [*To the guards.*] Obey me instantly. [*The guards separate them, and forcibly lead them away.*]

SCENE IX.

FAIRFAX, after a long silence, and much agitation.

Shall I always see my projects thwarted by my own child? This most audacious resistance, I ~~be~~ confirms me in my resolution. Now, ~~compel~~, you shall no longer

. persist in your obstinacy; you are going to behold a sight which will not fail to bend your stubborn heart. Edmond, in your son's cause, has dared to despise my authority. Arthur shall now revenge me on yourself!

SCENE X.

FAIRFAX, *and* SURREY.

Surrey. My lord, your orders are executed. Were I allowed, however, to speak—

Fairf. You importune me; I have no need of your counsels.

Surrey. A friend of lord Capel is at the door, and demands an audience of you.

Fairf. Let him come in. [*Surrey introduces Kingston.*]

SCENE XI.

FAIRFAX, SURREY, and KINGSTON.

Kingst. My lord, the governor of Col-

chester requests to be informed whether you are at leisure to receive his visit.

Fairf. I shall ever be ready to receive the governor. I will immediately give a few necessary orders to prevent our conference being interrupted. Surrey, you will receive my lord Capel with the honours due to him. Let me know as soon as he arrives: I shall be at colonel Morgan's. [*Fairfax and Surrey go out at opposite doors.*]

SCENE XII.

SURREY, *solus*.

What can he be meditating? What mean those angry frowns. He even beheld the tears of his son with indifference. Does he intend to sacrifice Arthur to his vengeance? I cannot help shuddering at the thought. Fairfax is no doubt generous; but the revolutionary rage, and the universal fermentation in the minds of the people, have already occasioned

so many crimes ! However, I am resolved never to be an accomplice in them. Should he wish me to assist him, I will not gloss over the infamy of his deeds ; nay, I will, in spite of himself, save him from doing an action that would for ever sully his name.

SCENE XIII.

CAPEL, KINGSTON, *and* SURREY.

Kings. [*To Capel.*] Here is his tent, my lord.

Surrey. [*Advancing towards Capel, and respectfully taking his hand to kiss it.*] Will the brave defender of Colchester allow me to have the honour of kissing his hand.

Capel. [*Modestly withdrawing it.*] This hand is unworthy of receiving any marks of honour, so long as those of my king are galled with chains. Where is my lord Fairfax ?

Surrey. I go with pleasure to inform him of the arrival of his noble enemy.

SCENE XIV.

CAPEL, *and* KINGSTON.

Kings. I think it my duty to tell you, my lord, that every thing here has a very suspicious appearance.

Capel. [*With calmness.*] How so, my friend? Do not give way to unreasonable fears.

Kings. You may find them but too reasonable. Fairfax was informed by me the moment of your arrival; why did he not stay and receive you himself? Why immediately go out, under pretext of giving some important orders? Why, in short, were his troops drawn out?

Capel. What would you infer from these appearances?

Kings. May they not cover some secret treason?

Capel. Kingston, I dread nothing; I see no reason to fear; the laws of war are sacred to all nations. The most

insatiable conqueror, the most blood-thirsty tyrant observes them towards others, in order that he himself may be secure under their protection.

Kings. But he who can bear arms against his sovereign will make no scruple to violate his word to a simple individual.

Capel. He will not have chosen me for that individual.

Kings. But, my lord—

Capel. No, I know Fairfax.—I have too high an opinion of his character to suppose him capable of a base action. The fanaticism of independence may have bewildered his mind, without degrading his sentiments. Although we are at present divided in opinion, we were formerly united by the ties of friendship. He is still desirous of preserving my esteem; and in treating with me, he will not deviate from the paths of honour.

Kings. I wish he may not, my lord.
' But here he comes. [*Capel goes with confidence to meet Fairfax.*]

SCENE XV.

FAIRFAX, CAPEL, KINGSTON, and SURREY.

Capel. My lord, I cannot give you a surer mark of confidence, than by coming to your tent, accompanied only by a friend.

Fairf. Since you think him worthy of that title, he may be present at our interview.

Capel. I should not object even to the presence of an enemy. I am ready to hear you.

Fairf. I am authorised by parliament to offer you all the advantages which are due to your rank, and to the high opinion it has formed of your virtues.

Capel. If they deserve any consideration, I ought to receive it from my sovereign alone, who is likewise that of the parliament.

Fairf. A prince without states!—what can he do for you?

Capel. I might support his interest with

less zeal if my own were concerned. It is when my services cannot be rewarded that I glory in serving him.

Fairf. These are the feelings of a great mind; but are you not convinced that a revolution in the government is inevitable; or is it in your power to avert it? What can you oppose to the victorious party?

Capel. My duty prescribes my remaining true to a prince in misfortune.

Fairf. You have already done every thing that becomes a man of honour.

Capel. Not yet; since I can still support his rights.

Fairf. And what are those means of which you flatter yourself with being possessed? The walls of your city are now a heap of ruins; your soldiers are almost reduced by famine.

Capel. They have still got ammunition, and they do not want courage to make use of it.

Fairf. They cannot want courage

under your orders, but without force, of what service is it? Colchester, although defended by you, cannot hold out much longer.

Capel. Did you discover that during the assault of last night?

Fairf. If it be not to-day, it will be to-morrow; but to-morrow, parliament will proscribe you, as being an enemy to the republic; instead of which, it has this day authorised me to offer you the title of duke, and the governorship of a fortress. [*Capel turns from him, and hides his face with his hands.*] Why do you turn your face from me?

Capel. Fearing that you should see me blush for you and for my country.

Fairf. Banish your fears, my lord, and calmly reflect on my proposals.

Capel. Are these to be the sole object of this interview.

Fairf. They are sufficiently important, since on them depends your future welfare.

Capel. [*Going out.*] Farewel, my lord.

Fairf. [*Aside.*] Why am I obliged to suppress my feelings? [*He advances towards Capel, and takes him by the hand.*] Again one word, my lord Capel. Believe me, throw aside those blind notions of slavery. Will you sacrifice to them those honours which await you and your family?

Capel. Oh, Englishmen, how are you fallen from your ancient glory! Honour is now sold in the very heart of Albion, at the price of ignominy. ♦

Fairf. It is the nation which offers them.

Capel. The nation!—Do not repeat that word, if you can only utter it as a blasphemy.

Fairf. Dare you pronounce it yourself, you who serve under its oppressor? Your efforts to stop liberty will henceforth be vain; the throne is tottering; one day more, and it will be overthrown.

Capel. Then I will bury myself in its ruins.

Fairf. Parliament will have you dragged alive from under them, in order to condemn you to an ignominious death.

Capel. Will parliament deliver me from death by condemning me to a life of infamy?

Fairf. What will life be to you, when England, after having shaken off a disgraceful yoke, will pronounce your name with horror; when you will hear your dishonoured wife curse the day of her union with you; when your son will pursue you to the very scaffold, and, in his despair, reproach you with being the cause of his dragging a life of indigence and shame?

Capel. What unheard of audacity! Does it belong to an unfaithful subject like you to attempt to inspire me with the dread of that shame which can attach only to your rebellion. No, no, I shall be regretted by all those who have

a sense of their duty; my wife and children will bless my memory; they will shed tears of affection over my grave: heaven will protect my widow, and be a father to my orphan son.

Fairf. This is too much; vile slave of despotism! since you cannot be moved by any regard for your personal safety, it is time to make you tremble for a life which is dearer to you than your own.
[*He calls.*] Morgan.

SCENE XVI.

FAIRFAX, CAPEL, ARTHUR, MORGAN, SURREY, KINGSTON, and two soldiers.

A curtain rises at the bottom of the tent, and discovers Arthur in chains, between two guards, each holding a poniard to his breast, and behind them Morgan.

Capel. Heavens! what do I see?
[*Falls into the arms of Kingston.*]

Fairf. Do you know him?

Capel. [*Rising with indignation.*] My son in your power! Coward, you are not indebted for that prisoner to the force of your arms.

Fairf. Deliver me up your arms, and I will put him into your hands; you have no other means left of saving his life.

Capel. Yes, traitor! your death. [*He draws his sword and is furiously making up to Fairfax.*]

Morg. If you advance a step, my lord, you are both dead.

Arth. Stay not your arm, my lord; take ample vengeance. I do not fear death—am I not your son?

Capel. [*Putting up his sword, and addressing himself to Fairfax.*] Barbarian! I will not speak of our ancient friendship; that ended when your criminal revolt was known: I wish to have nothing to do with you; but as to that innocent victim, what has he done to excite your hatred?

Fairf. He has just been braving me

with as much haughtiness as his father now displays.

Capel. Hear him again brave both you and your executioners. Oh! my dear Arthur, with what pleasure could I clasp you to my breast; you are worthy of all my esteem and affection.

Kings. [*To Fairfax.*] What, my lord! would you for ever sully your reputation by the murder of a child?

Fairf. It is not I who immolate him; it is the blind obstinacy of his unnatural father. Let him give up a fortress which he cannot defend, and I will restore to him his son; otherwise he must die as an-example to those pusillanimous slaves who wish to annihilate liberty, while she is about to establish her empire.

Capel. [*To Arthur, in a moving tone.*] My son!—God, your prince, and honor!

Surrey. [*Aside.*] Although it should cost me my life, I will not allow this dreadful sacrifice to be consummated.

SCENE XVII.

FAIRFAX, CAPEL, ARTHUR, MORGAN, *and*
two soldiers.

Capel and his son look affectionately at each other, and stretch out their arms as if they were going to embrace.

Capel. Arthur, my dear Arthur! what shall I say to your disconsolate mother?

Kings. Ah, my lord! Will you allow him thus to be massacred?

Capel. How, Kingston! you ought to support rather than to endeavour to shake my courage. My struggle with nature is sufficiently violent.

Fairf. My lord Capel, one instant more, and——

Capel. Why lengthen my ~~torments~~? Let me go; I should not wish to expire before your eyes.

Morg. Arthur, have you nothing to say to your father?

Arth. [*With firmness.*] Nothing; he well knows what passes in my bosom.

Morg. [*To the soldiers.*] Hold yourselves in readiness to obey my signal.

Capel. Farewel, my son ! once more, God, your prince, and honour ! I shall outlive you only to revenge you. [*He turns away from him and is going.*]

Fairf. [*Aside.*] Inflexible virtue, how am I forced to admire you in spite of myself ! [*Aloud.*] But what do I see ?

SCENE XVIII.

FAIRFAX, CAPEL, EDMOND, ARTHUR, MORGAN, KINGSTON, SURREY, and two soldiers. }

Edmond. [*Runs in with the greatest precipitation, and clasps young Capel in his arms.*] Arthur, ah, my friend ! No, no, you shall not suffer alone ; we shall die together.

Fairf. What do you mean, my son ?

Edmond. Call me no longer by that

detested name! Sate your cruelty!—
You have another victim.

Fairf. What insolence! Who conducted you hither?

Surrey. I, my lord; I forced his prison gates, and I glory in the action.

Edmond. [*To Fairfax.*] You were the only one dead to pity. [*To the soldiers.*] It is not your's I want: dispatch me—strike. Why do you tremble?

Arth. [*Endeavouring to disengage himself from the arms of Edmond.*] Leave me, my dear Edmond! Why will you render my death doubly cruel?

Edmond. I will not quit you: now that I have lost him who ought to have been my father, I will not survive my friend.

Capel. You would tear my son from me: your own disclaims you; I am well revenged.

Edmond. My dear Arthur, let me clasp you closer to my heart, and the same stroke will end us both.

. *Capel*. Now, *Fairfax*, you have only to strike at yourself.

Fairf. *Capel*, I am vanquished. *Edmond*, release your friend and conduct him to his father; my hands are not worthy to touch that youthful hero. [*Exeunt Morgan and the two soldiers.*]

Arth. My dear *Edmond*, it is then to you that I am indebted for my life!

Edmond. My dearest friend. [*He unbinds him and conducts him to Capel, who presses them both in his arms.*]

Arth. My father!

Edmond. My lord!

Capel. [*Holding them both in his arms, and looking affectionately, first at the one and then at the other.*] My dear children, call me both by the same name: I do not know which of you to call my . . .

Edmond. [*Seeing his father bathed in tears, forces away from the embraces of Capel, and throws himself at the feet of Fairfax.*] Have I once more found my

father! Oh do not hide those tears from me! My lord, Arthur, Surrey, do you see them flow?

Fairf. [*Raising him.*] My dear Edmond, I shall never forget that it was you who prevented me from committing a dishonourable action. [*Presenting him to Arthur.*] Noble friends, continue to love each other, and may you live in happier days than these your fathers see! [*To Capel.*] My lord, you are at liberty to return to the citadel: my admiration accompanies you. Would to God I were worthy of your esteem!

Arth. [*Kissing the hand of Capel.*] Oh! my father! I will not leave you; I will go and fight by your side.

Capel. You have done enough for your party: your name will become one of the firmest supports of ~~Wal~~chester. What soldier, upon hearing of your courage, will be coward enough to talk of surrendering?

Arth. Allow me by my actions to

quire the esteem of the soldiery; I must, I will follow you.

Capel. No, my son, receive my adieu; let me embrace you, perhaps it is for the last time. My duty is now to face death in the cause of my country. Your's is to live, that you may be better able to serve it in the force of manhood. [*To Fairfax.*] After what has just passed, I do not fear to trust my son in your hands, that you may send him in safety to his mother. I go to wait for you on the breach.

SIR A. LONGÉ;

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRINCE LEWIS, of the blood royal.

AN OFFICER of his suite.

MR. GERVILLE.

MRS. GERVILLE.

CHARLES,	}	their children.
EUGENIA,		
CECILIA,		
MARY-ANN,		
FREDERICK,		



*The Scene lies in a thicket, near the
cottage of Mr. Gerville.*

THE CONGÉ;

A DRAMA.



SCENE I.

Eugenia is seen sitting on the trunk of a tree, picking strawberries, and afterwards placing them in the crown of her straw hat; Charles is bringing her more in his. The strawberries are neatly arranged on vine leaves in both hats.

CHARLES, and EUGENIA.

Char. Well, sister, I think we have got a pretty good quantity.

Eug. I do not know where to put mine: my hat is already full.

Char. Cecilia is gone for a basket; at what can she be amusing herself? until she comes, however, you can put them in your apron.

Eug. Yes, truly, I should have a fine apron! It would then be full of stains, and what would mamma say? I will tell you what is to be done; as your hat is bigger we must empty mine into your's, and then, while I pick these, you can take mine and gather more.

Char. You are right; in the mean time Cecilia will bring the basket, and then, I believe, we shall have enough.

Eug. When they are all together, we shall see how many they make.

Char. And when the basket is filled, if any should be left, you know they are for us.

Eug. To-day, I believe, none of us will be much inclined to eat. Ah! my dear brother, it is the last dinner we shall eat with our papa this year; and who knows whether we shall ever again see him?

Char. Do not be uneasy, sister; all who go to fight are not killed.

Eug. Cruel war! if men were not so

wicked; if they loved one another as brothers and sisters do!

Char. Do not we ourselves daily quarrel about some trifle or other? we all think we are in the right; and it frequently happens that no one can decide which is most in the wrong. It is the same with mankind.

Eug. But they ought to make it up as we do. In our quarrels no blood is ever shed.

Char. Because papa and mamma put an end to them. But men are not like children. They will not be commanded, while they have force on their side. But must we not defend ourselves against acts of injustice? must we allow what belongs to us to be taken away with impunity?

Eug. You always speak as if you were a soldier.

Char. Since I am to be a soldier, sister, you may say what you will, but war is a fine thing; without it how should

we be able to live? could our little estate support us? But do not cry, sister; it grieves me to see you cry.

Eug. Ah! let me cry, while we are alone. I had rather my tears should fall before you, than before our poor father and mother. I fear so much to afflict them.

Char. Come, come, dry up your tears; do something to amuse yourself, and I will go and fill your hat.

Eug. Then go farther on; for at this spot all are already gathered.

SCENE II.

Eugenia. (*After a moment's silence.*) Ah me! If I were instructed enough to pray to God, he might hearken to me! or old enough to throw myself at the feet of the king, I am sure he would grant me my father's congé;—I should beg it so ardently! Has he not all his life done his duty? (*She continues pick-*

ing the strawberries. Prince Lewis arrives, followed by an officer of hussars. He stops on seeing Eugenia.)

SCENE III.

PRINCE LEWIS, OFFICER, and EUGENIA.

Pr. Lew. (*Speaking in a low voice.*) Look at that charming little girl. Do not discover my name, I wish to speak with her. (*To Eugenia.*) You seem very industrious, my little girl.

Eug. (*With surprise.*) Oh, sir! how you have frightened me.

Pr. Lew. I ask your pardon; I did not intend it: for whom are those strawberries? being picked by such a pretty hand, they must be excellent.

Eug. If I might venture to offer them to you? [*She presents the hat.*] Do not fear to eat; they are very clean: excuse their not being on a better plate. [*The prince takes three, she presents them to the officer, who takes two.*]

Pr. Lew. I never ate any so good before. Do you sell them?

Eug. No, sir, were you to offer me ever so much for them.

Pr. Lew. You are in the right; no price can be put upon them, being picked by you.

Eug. How you talk, sir! O, that is not the reason. They should be very much at your service, as should also be all those that my brother and sister may gather the whole day. But (*Wiping her eyes.*) they are for our good papa; they are the first we have ever gathered for him, and they may very likely be the last he will eat with us.

Pr. Lew. Then he is ill? and you apparently fear for his life?

Offic. It is to be supposed his case is not desperate, since he thinks of eating strawberries.

Eug. That is not the reason. It is true he has been ill all this winter with the rheumatism; and he is not yet en-

airily recovered. But well or ill he must quit us to-morrow.

Pr. Lew. And why is his quitting you necessary?

Eug. His regiment is to pass through this village to-morrow, and he is obliged to join his corps.

Pr. Lew. His regiment?

Eug. Yes, the regiment of Prince Charles.

Pr. Lew. (*Aside to the Officer.*) I wager this is one of Captain Gerville's daughters.

Eug. (*Having overheard him.*) Alas! gentlemen, yes, that is the name of my father; do you know him, pray?

Pr. Lew. Do we know him? Why this gentleman and I are his comrades.

Eug. Oh, heavens! His regiment is so near! Does it pass this way to-day?

Pr. Lew. No, my pretty girl, to-morrow. We have come before by order of the prince; our carriage just now broke down near this thicket, and we

come here to seek a little shelter from the heat of the sun. Our carriage is by this time repaired. This narrow path will no doubt conduct us to the high road?

Eug. No, sir, it leads straight to the village.

Pr. Lew. And this village I suppose is your father's property?

Eug. Oh dear, no!—I am sorry he is not so rich as you think. He only possesses a cottage, a small garden, this thicket, and a neighbouring field. When he is neither in camp nor in garrison, it is here he passes his time with us and with mamma.

Pr. Lew. Then he has really been ill this winter?

Eug. O yes, indeed, sir, to our great grief! pain has deprived him of the use of his limbs, and, what is still worse, an old wound he received in his head has again opened: and now, that he is nearly recovered, he must go and expose himself to new dangers.

Pr. Lew. But why, in these circumstances, does he not ask for his discharge? He could have procured proper certificates from his surgeon.

Eug. Mamma has done so; but her letters have never been answered. The king would not pay any credit to them; or, perhaps, the prince to whom the regiment belongs is so very——

Pr. Lew. I can very well believe that neither the king, nor the prince, to whom the regiment belongs, can easily consent to lose so good an officer as your father; my young comrades and myself could receive very useful instruction from him.

Eug. You really do appear very young. Have you still a father and a mother?

Pr. Lew. (*A little embarrassed.*) Without doubt.

Eug. How they must have cried at parting with you! How could they consent to it? I know very well how much mamma and we all suffered when

my eldest brother left us to go to the military school, and that is nothing in comparison with the war.

Pr. Lew. My father is likewise in the army.

Eug. Fathers who are in the army are generally a little severe. What I say, however, is not the case with regard to my father: he is indulgent, good, and affectionate; he is as tender hearted as a child. Honour is the only subject on which he—so I think it is his own fault that he has not already received his discharge.

Pr. Lew. How so?

Eug. Because he has not seriously asked it. He always says, that he should be taken for a coward were he to retire during war. His only wish is to have sufficient strength to mount his horse, and to shed the last drop of his blood in the service of his country. Well, he will be satisfied; but as ~~for~~ us, we shall have no longer a father.

Pr. Lew. Your father hitherto has always escaped death; why should he now be less fortunate? Take courage, my dear child, every ball does not hit.

Eug. But when they do, they kill; and is it impossible that one should reach papa?

Pr. Lew. That is but too true. But who is this young lady coming towards us!

SCENE IV.

'PRINCE LEWIS, OFFICER, EUGENIA, *and*
CECILIA.'

Eug. So here you are at last; how long you have been!

Cecil. I have been helping mamma, much against my will, to make up papa's trunks. .

Eug. Pray, give me your basket.

Cecil. Have you got enough to fill it?

Eug. You shall see. (*Shaking the straw-*

berries out of the hat into the basket.)

With your leave, gentlemen.

Pr. Lew. You are right. (*To the officer.*) These are very pretty children.

Cecil. (*To Eugenia.*) Who are those gentlemen?

Eug. [*Aside.*] Two officers belonging to the same regiment with my papa.

Cecil. Are they come for him?

Eug. No, no; they are going to the next village to wait the arrival of the prince.

Cecil. Ah, I wish he and his regiment were a thousand miles off.

Eug. Softly, Cecilia! If the gentlemen should hear you!

Cecil. Well, let them hear me! What, they are come to take away my papa, and I am not at liberty to complain!

Pr. Lew. [*To the officer.*] It would appear that we are not here very welcome visitors.

Offic. Why do you not make yourself known?

Pr. Lew. Their frankness amuses me, and their affection for their parents gives me pleasure.

Eug. [*To Cecilia.*] Poor Charles is fatiguing himself while we are prattling. I will go and help him to gather; stay you with these gentlemen and mind what you say.

Cecil. Let me alone, I know very well what I have to say to them.

Eug. Gentlemen, give me leave to present to you my sister Cecilia.

Cecil [*In a firm tone.*] Gentlemen, your most obedient.

Pr. Lew. Her physiognomy announces as much resolution, as your's does softness and timidity.

Eug. She will have the honour of keeping you company while I go and assist my brother, in order that we may sooner have the pleasure of seeing our papa. Will you give me leave to announce to him your arrival? I am sure he will be rejoiced——

Cecil. No, no, gentlemen, he will not be rejoiced; none of us will be rejoiced. To-day we wish to be alone.

Eug. Let me beg of you to excuse this mad-brained romp.

Cecil. Excuse me? The gentlemen know very well, that when there are strangers at table, little girls dare not so much as open their lips; for my part I have a thousand things to say to papa which, were I not allowed to utter, would certainly choke me.

Pr. Lew. Be assured, my dear children, that your conversation shall not be interrupted. [*Eugenia salutes them in a graceful manner, and retires.*]

SCENE V.

PRINCE LEWIS, OFFICER, and CECILIA.

Cecil. But, now tell me, gentlemen, what the king means by taking papa away from his children? Does he think we

have no occasion for a father to bring us up ?

Pr. Lew. Yes; but do you not think that he is in want of brave soldiers to fight his battles.

Cecil. And what is the necessity for fighting? My papa, while he is taking care of our education, is certainly not useless to his country.

Pr. Lew. Surely not, if your brothers and sisters have profited of his instructions as much as you have.

Cecil. You think to laugh at me? I know very well that in the family they find me a little forward; and they even say I only want the cockade to make me a complete soldier.

Pr. Lew. Ha ! ha ! a perfect little amazon ! You would truly be very formidable.

Cecil. Oh ! if I had but a sword, I would not be trifled with.

Pr. Lew. If that be all, here is mine. I will make you a knight.

Cecil. With all my heart. I should very much like to be one of your making.

Pr. Lew. [*Having presented her with his sword, endeavours to embrace her.*] Here is the first ceremony.

Cecil. [*Pushing him away.*] Softly, softly, if you please.

Pr. Lew. You are a charming girl. [*He again endeavours to embrace her. Cecilia withdraws and calls—Charles! Eugenia!*] Why are you afraid of me?

Cecil. I afraid of you? Oh! no, no; only do not come too near me, lest I should run to papa. He is an officer as well as you, and he would not allow any one to offend his little Cecilia.

Pr. Lew. I should be very sorry to have even the thought of offending you! it was only in sport.

SCENE VI.

PRINCE LEWIS, OFFICER, CHARLES, EUGENIA,
and CECILIA.

Char. [*Proudly advancing.*] I thought I heard you cry out, Cecilia; I am come to your assistance.

Pr. Lew. Against us, my little friend?

Char. Against whoever does any harm to my sister.

Cecil. I thank you, brother. It is true, I cried out; but I do not want your assistance. See! I have already disarmed one. [*She returns the prince his sword.*] Sir, for this once I pardon you; but do not make another attempt—you understand me?

Pr. Lew. You are a strange little creature. .

Eug. I am very much pleased to hear you tell her so. Now, gentlemen, we have strawberries enough to be able to

offer you some. [*She presents the basket to them.*] Take a few, I beg! .

Pr. Lew. No, no; we should be very sorry to touch them: we respect too much their destination.

Eug. It is our portion alone that would suffer any diminution; there will be no great harm in our not eating any to-day. You are of the same regiment with our papa, and it is our duty to render you all the honours in our power.

Cecil. [*Taking a nosegay from her side.*] In that case, I will give this nosegay. I had gathered it for myself. My papa and mamma have already received their's from my hands, otherwise I would not offer you this. . But as it belongs to myself, I can dispose of my own property.

Pr. Lew. And I accept it with pleasure and gratitude.

Cecil. It is a little faded by the sun. If you will wait a moment I will make you up another with jasmine, violets,

and honey suckle : I have bushes of them in my garden. .

Eug. You know the rose-tree which grows under my window? You may take all the roses that are blown.

Cecil. Well—will you?

Pr. Lew. [*Moved.*] What ! my charming children, you would have that goodness ! No, I thank you. The pleasure I have in conversing with you, is far beyond that which the finest flowers in the world could yield.

Cecil. My young officer, a thought has just come into my head : you very likely know how a discharge can be procured with honour for the person who desires it? could you not give us some advice how to procure an honourable congé for our papa?

Eug. Oh ! if you could but tell us that, we would give you all we possess.

Char. [*Who has all this time been playing with the hilt of his sword, attentively surveying his hat, as well as all*

his person.] Yes, if you know how to restore us our papa, my kettle-drum, my spontoon, my cartouch-box, all shall be yours.

Cecil. [*With mystery.*] And I will give you freely, what you just now wished to take by force.

Pr. Lew. So many good things at once ! Believe me, if I knew the means—

Eug. [*Sorrowfully.*] You do not know? then we only trouble you in vain, since you cannot help us out of that difficulty.

Cecil. For my part, I do not so easily give' it up. The prince, colonel of the regiment, passes this way. Well, we three, with our little brother and our youngest sister, will go and throw ourselves at his feet; we will hang about his clothes, and we will not get up until he grant our request.

Eug. Yes, sister. He will see our tears, he will hear our petition; we will tell him how ill papà has been all this

winter; how weak he still is, and how much we shall all suffer at this separation. Do you think he will be so cruel as to send us away without hearing us.

Pr. Lew. No, I do not believe he will; but he will not join the regiment until the beginning of the campaign. Luckily the prince, his son, follows the regiment as a volunteer.

Char. [*Who has all this while been looking pensively.*] As a volunteer?

Pr. Lew. Yes, to learn under his father's eyes the noble art of war. I can assure you that he will interest himself in your behalf.

Eug. Are you and he friends?

Pr. Lew. [*Smiling.*] Yes, when I do my duty.

Eug. Ah! I beg you will speak to him in my father's favour. Let him be restored to a family whose existence depends on his life. Allow me, sir, to intreat you to alleviate him as much as possible in his duty; and, should he be

sick or wounded —— [*Her sobs interrupt her speaking.*]

Cecil. Wounded, did you say? Ah! do not wait until he be wounded. If a sword should be raised against him, do you run, and, at the risk of your own life, ward off the blow.

Pr. Lew. [*Aside.*] It is with difficulty I can refrain from discovering my name. [*Aloud.*] No, my noble and affectionate little girl, do not fear; I will pledge my life for his safety.

Eug. [*Wiping her eyes.*] May I then depend upon you? Ah, how you rejoice me! Do not however forget to speak in our behalf to the prince. Beg of him speedily to send our father back to us.

Cecil. Tell him, that an unfledged brood have still occasion for the fostering wing of their parent to strengthen them. Tell him likewise, that a little girl of seven years of age will wish him every kind of happiness, if he restore to

her arms a father whom she tenderly loves, and of whose instructions she stands in need.

Eug. With these pleasing hopes we take our leave of you. I have still a great many things to say; but your heart, I know, will tell them for me. Our papa is perhaps waiting for us; and to-morrow we are to lose him.

Pr. Lew. Go, my dear children; but first accept some trifling mark of my gratitude for the agreeable half hour I have passed with you. There, my tender Eugenia, take this ring. [*Takes a ring from his finger.*] It is too large for you; but a jeweller will soon make it to fit.

Eug. [*Refusing the ring.*] No, no, at home I might be blamed for receiving it; and I should be sorry to incur the smallest displeasure, particularly on the eve of my papa's departure.

Pr. Lew. You must absolutely take it. Upon your father's joining the re-

giment I will undertake to excuse you,
[*He forces her to accept it.*]

Eug. Well, then, if he should find I have done wrong, I will bring it back to you; should he not be angry, I shall be honoured by having this token of remembrance of you.

Pr. Lew. And you, Cecilia, should you be sorry, sometimes, to remember me? Here, my dear child, is a gilt case with a false diamond in it.

Cecil. Your words alone are false; I am sure it is pure gold, and a true diamond. No, I will not take it, you have acquired this by pillage. My papa is a captain as well as you, and he cannot make such fine presents. No, no, he never plundered any one.

Pr. Lew. Make yourself easy; it is as clear from blood as my sword is. In war, jewels will be of no use to me; if you will not accept this, at least keep it for me until my return.

Cecil. With all my heart.

Pr. Lew. Have you not one kiss to bestow as my security?

Cecil. No, no; you have heard my conditions.—Not for less.

Pr. Lew. Well then, I will use all my endeavours to obtain them.

Cecil. I will keep them for you until then.

Char. Go before;—I will follow you. I have something to say in private to this officer.

Pr. Lew. My little friend, I will be with you in an instant. [*The officer, who had withdrawn during this scene, comes up to the prince; and gives him a pocket-book; they talk for some time aside to each other.*]

Cecil. [*Aside to Charles.*] Do you also want a present?

Eug. [*Aside to Charles.*] Brother, for shame: I thought you were too proud for that.

Char. Fy! fy, sisters! to think so ill

of me. I have something else of much greater importance to ask.

Cecil. If I had heart enough to divert myself. I should laugh at the air of gravity you assume, in treating your important affair.

Char. And, if you were not my sister, you should pay dear for having suspected me of spunging any one.

Cecil. [*Going with Eugenia.*] Take care that you transact your important business in a handsome manner.

SCENE VII.

PRINCE LEWIS, OFFICER, *and* CHARLES.

Pr. Lew. My dear Charles, I am very glad that you are going to stay a little with me. We are not yet properly acquainted. I am told that my carriage is not yet ready, so that we can converse for some moments longer.

Char. So much the better; but do not imagine, that I stop with you in order that you may give me something.

Pr. Lew. How?

Char. You know that you have given something to each of my sisters, and you might think——But I protest I will accept nothing; no, nothing; absolutely nothing.

Pr. Lew. And unfortunately I have nothing left to offer you.

Char. That is lucky, for neither of us will be tempted.

Pr. Lew. [*Aside to the officer.*] How I admire that magnanimity; a noble frankness beams in his countenance.

Char. I have only one question to ask you.

Pr. Lew. Let us hear what it is, my little fellow.

Char. You said, just now, that the prince's son followed the regiment as a volunteer. Pray what is a volunteer?

Pr. Lew. A volunteer is a free sol-

dier, who has no rank in the regiment, who can either amuse himself or fight, stay or go, just as he pleases.

Char. Oh! but if I were to go, it should be to fight. What pleasure I should have in being a volunteer on that footing.

Pr. Lew. But a volunteer must have money; hast thou any, my little friend?

Char. Thou!—Indeed, sir, I do not like that manner of speaking. My papa is a captain, and I wish to be respected.

Pr. Lew. We already considered you as one of our comrades.

Char. Oh! in that case you may speak to me as you choose; were you not just now talking of money? Has not the king enough? And is he not obliged to pay those who serve him?

Pr. Lew. Yes; but a volunteer does no regular duty; therefore, it is just he should live at his own expence.

Char. [*Stamping.*] Ah! what do you say? But were I to ask only bread and

water !—If I begged of the regiment to receive me in the room of my father ?

Pr. Lew. What figure could you cut at the head of a company, where experience and a soldier-like appearance are so necessary !

Char. If I have not enough to command, I have enough to obey. Let them begin with me as they will, provided I be a soldier.

Pr. Lew. Are you even able to march with a regiment.

Char. I should walk as long as I could, and, when tired, I might be thrown into a baggage waggon, or I could go with the artillery and ride across one of the cannons. Oh ! I should soon come up with you.

Pr. Lew. But if you were to go to the army in your father's stead, you would then be separated from him.

Char. Then you reckon as nothing, the pleasure I should feel in restoring

him to my mamma and my sisters, and securing repose to him in his old age? It appears to me that the king would not lose by thè exchange. My papa, unfortunately, will not long be able to serve him; and I, in a few years, may be what he has been. I love war; I know all the grenadier-songs, and have made accompaniments to them for my drum. See, here is a collection which I give you, because I have no further occasion for them; I know them all by heart.

Pr. Lew. Oh! you delight me; I will give you one in return. [*Opens his pocket-book, and takes out some papers.*]

Char. A song! I can receive that.

Pr. Lew. In the first place, here is one for your father.

Char. My papa cannot sing; he likes only the music of cannon.

Pr. Lew. No matter; I am sure you will both have great pleasure in reading it.

. Char. [*Jumping with joy.*] Oh! how I thank you! let me see whether I know it?

Pr. Lew. No, not so soon; you may read it when we are gone. [*He puts the papers together, and gives them to him.*] Put them in your pocket, and take care not to lose them. Adieu, my little friend, remember that you are my comrade.

Char. [*Jumps up, clasps him round the neck, and eagerly embraces him.*] Yes, yes, I am so, I shall always love you. The first time I fight shall be at your side.

Officer. We shall go and announce your coming to the regiment.

Char. I beg you will speak well of me to our comrades. You shall see how I shall grow.

Pr. Lew. [*Aside to the officer in going away.*] I feel how much their father's heart must bleed at being obliged to quit such amiable children.

Let us withdraw a little, that we may observe him in his first transports of joy. [*They go farther into the thicket. Charles follows them with his eyes until they are at some distance.*]

SCENE VIII.

CHARLES, *solus*.

[*Much agitated, sometimes sitting on the trunk of a tree, and sometimes hastily walking about.*] Of what can he be thinking, to wish my papa to sing? [*He takes the papers out of his pocket.*] Ha! ha! this is sealed, I suppose something droll will be found under the cover. Let me look at mine. [*He opens it.*] That has not much the appearance of a song. The words extend the whole length of the line. [*He reads.*] *The treasury of my household will pay the bearer of this note the sum of one hundred pounds—* I do not know any tune that will go with

these words. [*He continues reading.*] Prince Charles— He was laughing at me when he gave me this for a war-song. It only speaks of money. He must have been mistaken. I must run after him. [*He runs away calling.*] Sir ! sir ! officer ! officer !

SCENE IX.

MR. GERVILLE. [*With a dejected countenance and walking with much difficulty.*] MRS. GERVILLE, EUGENIA, CECILIA, CHARLES, MARY ANN. [*Having hold of her father's hand.*] FREDERICK. [*In the arms of his mother.*]

Mr. Ger. Where is he ? Where is he ? [*He perceives Charles.*] My son, where is the prince ?

Char. [*Looking about him.*] Papa, I have not seen any prince.

Cecil. That handsome gentleman who was speaking with us.

Eug. He who gave me this ring. Papa

says that none but a prince could maké so rich a present.

Char. [*Looking angry.*] Blockhead that I was, not to have found it out !

Eug. O, the excellent young man !

Cecil. So good, so familiar ! O, my pretty little case ! I will keep you as long as I live.

Mr. Ger. Has he been long gone ?

Char. I was running after him when you came.

Mr. Ger. Luckily, I shall see him to-morrow in the next town ; I can then express my gratitude. I am, however, sorry that he does not pass this night under our roof. My dear children, would you not have been delighted with his company ?

Char. Yes, papa, he already calls me his little comrade.

Cecil. For my part, although I consider him as very amiable, I am glad he is gone. We should have been under so much restraint before him.

Mrs. Ger. Cecilia is right. I should not, my dear children, have been at liberty to mingle my tears with your's. We must have stifled our sighs.

Mr. Ger. On that very account I should have wished his presence. The restraint you would have been under to conceal your grief, would have better enabled me to suppress mine; and since we must part——

Mary Ann. [*Taking hold of her father's hands and kissing them.*] O papa! do not talk of leaving us!

[*Little Frederick, in Mrs. Gerville's arms, holds out his hands to his father, who takes and kisses him.*]

Mr. Ger. Dear, dear children! Perhaps it may not be for a long time that I leave you. Peace is the sole object of our benevolent king. Yes, I hope very soon to return among you.

Mrs. Ger. But in the mean time you are going, and who will console us in your absence?

Eug. With what pleasure would I give him back his ring, would he but leave papa with us.

Cecil. And I likewise his case.

Char. And I his paper about louis d'ors! See, papa, what he has given me instead of a song. [*He gives the paper.*]

Mr. Ger. [*Giving Frederick to his mother.*] Let us see what it is. [*He reads and joins his hands.*] What goodness in so young a prince! In what a noble manner does he bestow his bounties! He has put into your hands an order on the treasury which his father had given him for his private expences.

Char. What! He has taken me in? Give him back his money, and tell him I sent it. That is not all; he has likewise given me a song for you.

Mr. Ger. A song for me, Charles? you dream surely?

Char. [*Taking a sealed paper out of his pocket and giving it to his father.*] You shall see.

The Children. [*Laughing together, repeat the words.*] A song! A song! [*They get closer to their father.*]

Mr. Ger. Heavens! The king's seal. [*He opens the packet with a trembling hand, casts his eyes on the first lines, and exclaims.*] Joy, joy, my dear wife! My dear children, joy, joy!

Mrs. Ger. Provided you stay with us: it is only on that condition that I can rejoice.

Mr. Ger. Let me read it through. [*They all gather about him, but preserve the greatest silence. He reads some lines.*] Excellent king! [*Continues reading.*] It is too much! In a dream, in which my exalted imagination might have formed the most brilliant chimeras, I could never have hoped for any thing so flattering.

Mrs. Ger. I am all impatience.

Eug., What is it, papa?

Cec. How you keep us in suspense.

Char. Come, let us see your song.

Mary Ann. What is it about?

} all together.

Mr. Ger. [*Embracing his wife.*] I stay with you, my dearest love. [*He stoops and takes his children in his arms.*] My dear children, I shall no more quit you. [*He again embraces his wife, who puts little Frederick down.*] Yes, read it yourself.

Mrs. Ger. [*Almost fainting.*] I tremble all over, I cannot read. [*The children jump with each other, take hold of their father and mother, kiss their clothes, and express their joy by clapping their hands.*] Our papa stays with us! Our papa stays with us!

Mr. Ger. Yes, I stay with you, and without my absolutely quitting the army——In such an honourable manner!

Mrs. Ger. [*Recovering.*] How, how, my good friend?

Mr. Ger. The king, feeling for my ill state of health, dispenses with my presence this campaign. But, (they are his own words), in order to reward my long and glorious services, he raises me to

the rank of colonel, and gives me the command of a fortress.

Mrs. Ger. What do I hear?—

Eug. Joy upon joy!

Cecil. Then, papa, no other man in the whole world can be compared with you!

Char. And you are made a colonel?

Mr. Ger. This is the first moment of my life that I have been completely happy. [*To Mrs. Ger.*] Will you forgive me, when I tell you that I never took any measures to obtain my discharge?

Mrs. Ger. I know that very well; I therefore took those measures myself.

Eug. Naughty papa! If mamma and the king had not thought more about us than he did—

Cecil. Then you deceived us? That was not right.

Mr. Ger. Truly I did, but how was it possible for me to help it? A certain false military pride! Alas! I should not, however, have long been able to serve

my country. I unfortunately feel that my constitution could not have long borne up under the weight of arms.

Mrs. Ger. And you would have struck death into my heart; you would have reduced these innocent little creatures to the state of orphans, if Providence had not otherwise ordered! But all is now forgotten. Where is that generous prince? How sincerely would I thank him! With what ardor would I entreat him to stop this night with us and witness our felicity!

Char. We will all of us run different ways to look for him.

Mr. Ger. Go, go! how much I suffer in not being able to accompany you.

Cecil. I will now grant him three kisses instead of one. [*The children are about to set off different ways, when the prince darts from behind a bush, followed by the officer, and seizes hold of Cecilia.*]

. *Pr. Lew.* I take you at your word.
[*He embraces her three times.*]

Eug. and Char. The prince! The prince!

Cecil. [*A little disconcerted.*] You have almost frightened me with your kisses.

Mr. Ger. O noble prince! In what terms shall I express my gratitude!

Mrs. Ger. How shall I and our children thank you! You give me back a husband; you restore to them a father!

Pr. Lew. It is to the justice of our monarch alone that you are indebted for that kindness. I only solicited permission to be the hearer. Being deprived of the hopes of ever profiting of the instructions and example of Mr. Gerville, I wished to lessen those regrets by bringing glad tidings to his respectable wife and amiable children. It is a pleasure that never will be obliterated from my memory. [*He holds out his hand to Mr. Gerville, who kisses it.*]

Mr. Ger. It is only a heart like your's which can rejoice in the happiness of a little family who are entire strangers to you.

Mrs. Ger. You have made my children such rich presents!

Eug. I blush at having received this ring. I did not think it was of so great a value.

Pr. Lew. It is so much embellished in your hands that I did not again know it.

Cecil. Then I will not speak of my case.

Char. For my part, I will return you your song. You must have been mistaken. It could not have been this paper you intended for me.

Pr. Lew. Excuse the mistake; but since it is made, accept the paper; my father has so liberally furnished me with money for my private expences, that I can very easily charge myself with those of a young ensign.

Char. Ensign? And in your company?

Pr. Lew. Yes, my little friend.

Char. How glad I am! Then I shall be with you, and my father's name will not be forgotten in the regiment.

Mr. Ger. You heap so many favours upon us, that I scarcely dare ask you one which would be very dear to my heart.

Pr. Lew. It is I who beg you to grant that favour, in asking you an asylum this night for my companion and myself. [*Mr. and Mrs. Gerville bow respectfully.*] Providing, however, that Cecilia will not be angry.

Cecil. Oh, prince! since you do not take away papa with you, you are welcome to stay here as long as you please.

Eug. We hope you will now eat some of our strawberries.

Cecil. You had like to have rendered them as bitter as they will now be sweet.

Char. Come, your highness, and par-

take of them with us, until I shall have sufficiently distinguished myself to merit to sit down at your table, in your tent.



THE
YOUNG OFFICERS
IN GARRISON;
A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Colonel of the regiment.

VERNEUIL, Captain.

SIR CHARLES NEUVILLE.

GERCY.

VERSAC.

SAINT-ALBANS.

MARTIAL, an old soldier retired.

MRS. MARTIAL, and children.

GERMAIN, an old domestic in the
service of Gercy.

DUBOIS,	}	tradesmen.
DENIS,		
DUPRÉ,		

THE
YOUNG OFFICERS
IN GARRISON.

~~~~~  
FIRST ACT.

SCENE I.

*The Theatre represents Gercy's bed-chamber; he is seated in an arm-chair, asleep, with his arms stretched on a table, and his head resting on his hands.*

GERCY, and GERMAIN.

*Gercy.* In what a state he is! How agitated in his sleep! Oh my young master! you who lately were so promising. — This hour past, all the officers

have been under arms: it is impossible that he can be ready for the parade. Although I should be scolded for it, I must wake him. [*Pulling Gercy softly by the arm.*] Mr. Gercy, Mr. Gercy.

Ger. [*In his sleep.*] Seven's the main.

Germ. He thinks he is still at the cursed Pharaoh-table—— Mr. Gercy! my dear master!

Ger. Paroli.

Germ. [*Gently shaking him.*] This is not the time to think of paroli. It is almost that of the parade; must you not get ready for it?

Ger. [*Waking.*] Let me alone, I have yet time.

Germ. Indeed, sir, you have not; the evolutions are already begun; do you not hear the drum?

Ger. [*Hastily rising, rubbing his eyes, and looking much astonished at finding it broad day.*] Then what o'clock is it?

Germ. Eleven o'clock.

.. *Ger.* Eleven o'clock! Why did you not wake me sooner?

*Germ.* I have been calling you this half hour, and you only answered me in anger. I never saw you even when awake so violent as you were just now when asleep.

*Ger.* You should at any rate have waked me.

*Germ.* That is easily said; but in the humour you were, you might have run me through the body.

*Ger.* What will Mr. Verneuil say? After all, it is but the first time that I have failed in my attendance.

*Germ.* A great deal to boast of, truly! You have only been a month in the regiment, and to be once absent from your duty is a great deal! Your father, sir, did not fail twice in six months. How often has he been under arms, although shaking in a fit of the ague! He was always the first to attend his duty.

*Ger.* What! are you then beginning to read lectures to me?

*Germ.* I wish I had that right; unfortunately, I can only expostulate with you. And it certainly is not my intention, in the least to flatter you. No, no, you may do what you please; but as long as I am in your service, it shall not be said that you were lost for want of any advice I have it in my power to give.

*Ger.* Mr. Germain, once for all, let me beg of you not to assume the preceptor: you ought to know you have no right to that title.

*Germ.* Truly, sir, if I had that right, you should not have passed the last night from home. And where did you pass it? Had you been on a night-guard for the security of a camp, I should not have said a word. How you look! Why if you had just left the trenches, your appearance could not have been worse.

*Ger.* [*Peevishly.*] Will you hold your tongue?

*Germ.* I have only one word more to say: the parade is over, and you were absent.

## SCENE II.

VERSAC, GERCY, and GERMAIN.

*Ver.* Gercy, how comes this about? To-day, I looked for you through all the battalions; but did not find you at the parade.

*Ger.* Versac, that is true. And I regret very much my not being present.

*Ver.* You, no doubt, sent your excuses to the colonel?

*Ger.* I have not yet had time.

*Ver.* How? But it appears you have not even been in bed since last night.

*Ger.* Do you know that it was five o'clock in the morning when I got home? I was so much fatigued, that I had not the courage to take off my clothes; and so drowsy, that I dropped down on the table and slept until this moment; what

was my astonishment upon awaking, & find it broad day!

*Ver.* You are not yet accustomed to our manner of living. When you have passed five or six more nights running, as you did the last, sitting up will be nothing to you.

*Ger.* In the mean time, however, my head aches dreadfully.

*Ver.* Be guided by us, and we will insure you a constitution strong enough to resist any thing. You see how hearty I am! You must accustom yourself sometimes to fatigue. A young officer must be able to pass two or three nights successively, and on the third day, do his duty as gaily as if nothing of the kind had taken place.

*Germ.* [*Aside.*] They are giving fine lessons indeed to my young master!

*Ver.* Now that I recollect to ask, were you well amused last night at Saint-Alban's?

*Ger.* Pretty well.

*Ver.* How coolly you answer! Good morning, pleasant stories and play. What more is wanting to fill up the measure of our joy?

*Ger.* You are right.

*Ver.* And what would have been the case if we had allowed you to live in your own hum-drum manner! Do you remember how you at first affected the philosopher? You would have buried yourself alive with your books and mathematics. A young officer has no occasion for the sciences! It is well enough for those belonging to the artillery and engineers. Do we stand in need of such knowledge for our service? Are not our friends and the events of war sufficient to obtain our advancement? Pleasure is our motto! Fencing, riding, dancing, gaming, and being able to support the pleasures of the table, are all the accomplishments necessary for an officer.

*Ger.* You appear to make very light of our duties.



*Ver.* That is to say, with a little good sense these duties are very easily simplified. You began very awkwardly; but you are in the fair road, and you have only to follow our footsteps.

*Germ.* [*Aside and shrugging up his shoulders.*] He is indeed in the straight road to honour.

*Ver.* Sir Charles Neuville, for instance, you see in what style he lives; he supports himself by play alone; but last night you did not do amiss yourself; from what I observed, however, you are yet far behind the baronet.

*Ger.* What do you mean?

*Ver.* He is the only man in the world for these windfalls. I do not know how he discovered that an officer was to pass through this town, loaded with gold, in order to raise recruits on the frontiers: but true it is, that he has already gained from him at piquet the greatest part of the money.

*Ger.* How much has he won?

*Ver.* At least two hundred guineas, and this morning he is to give him his revenge. I hope you intend to be present at this party. You will find all our comrades, and I will lay any bet that he will win of the recruiter every farthing he has, and his horse into the bargain: that will be laughable.

*Ger.* No, I feel too much fatigued.

*Ver.* For that very reason you ought to endeavour to amuse yourself: come and join us; I can assure you that you will be very well entertained.

*Ger.* But I am supposed to be unwell; I therefore cannot go out.

*Ver.* Who can know it? I will carry your excuses to the colonel.

*Ger.* But, my friend, I yet—

*Ver.* Gercy, take care of what you are about: you will lose all your newly acquired honour; your comrades will look upon you as a child that is frightened at every scare-crow.

*Ger.* As you please.

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*Ver.* You will at least promise me?

*Ger.* You will absolutely have me go?

*Ver.* I will not leave you until you give me your word.

*Ger.* Well, I promise.

*Ver.* You will be ready in half an hour. Adieu. [Exit.

SCENE III.

GERCY, and GERMAIN.

*Ger.* Germain, dress my hair.

*Germ.* Sir! You already look extremely well. I do not see any necessity for dressing; once in two or three days is quite sufficient; besides, it will spare you a great deal of unnecessary trouble and render my service very light.

*Ger.* There again, always scolding.

*Germ.* Ah, my dear master! Do you think it amuses me? You who had always conducted yourself with so much propriety, why would you change your

system, to adopt one which must lead to ruin.

*Ger.* To ruin? Surely you do not think what you say.

*Germ.* It is because I think so, that I speak thus. Can you believe, that after having been twenty years in the army, I do not know better than you do what is the fate of almost every young officer; take care, otherwise they will lead you to adopt all their follies.

*Ger.* Germain, be not uneasy, I do not fear them.

*Germ.* So much the worse; you ought to distrust them. At your inexperienced age, we are too apt to allow ourselves to be guided by others. Only see by what happens to yourself; you were one of the first to condemn their life of idleness and dissipation; they now find your's ridiculous. They have even made you believe that you were much amused in one of their nocturnal revels, although

I have frequently heard you speak with the greatest disgust of such parties.

*Ger.* I shall always be at liberty to withdraw when I please.

*Germ.* No, my dear master, however little you delay, you will no longer have it in your power. They will so artfully entice you into their snares, that it will be impossible for you to escape. They at first respected your principles; but now that they have once overcome your resistance, they will in future find it easy to vanquish you. They have already found that a little well timed raillery could shake your resolution, and henceforward they will not spare you. Your false pride will force you in spite of yourself to follow wherever they shall think proper to lead. And who knows whether in the end they may not by degrees oblige you to live in the most disorderly manner?

*Ger.* You are profuse in your ret

proaches for one fault, if, after all, what you blame can be so called.

*Germ.* The first fault draws after it a hundred others. If fifteen days ago, any one had told you, that you would have passed a whole night at play, you would not have believed it. Such a circumstance has, however, happened: you returned home worn out with fatigue, you have slept all the morning on the table like a drunken man; you have failed in your duty, you were obliged to invent a lie to excuse yourself, and you think all that is nothing! In future how enormous must your faults be to give you any alarm!

*Ger.* You do not perceive, that your remonstrances are very troublesome!

*Germ.* They give me more pain than they can possibly give you.

*Ger.* Endeavour, for the time to come, not to be so lavish of them. As if at my Age, I am to allow myself to be held in leading-strings by an old dotard!

*Germ.* This is the first time you have spoken harshly to me: those words came very lightly from your tongue; but I am afraid they will lay heavy at my heart.

*Ger.* Then why endeavour to drive me melancholy with your dismal forebodings?

*Germ.* You know I never before spoke to you in this manner. Until this day, I had only to congratulate you on your good conduct. How could I have shown the smallest ill humour when I saw you so naturally choose the paths of virtue? I appeal to yourself whether you have not frequently seen me shed tears of joy?

*Ger.* Yes, Germaip, I know your attachment to me.

*Germ.* My dear master, you are not yet sufficiently convinced of it. I beg of you to give me a moment's attention. I have now attained that age, when after a laborious life, like that which I have led, it is no disgrace for a man to seek repose: thanks to your father's

bounties! I was enabled to spend a life of ease and comfort in the midst of my family; and this repose, ease and comfort, together with my wife and young children, nay, every thing have I sacrificed to follow you. As your father, who was forced to quit the army in consequence of his wound, could not accompany you, I said to myself: my wife suckled him; I am a second father to him; he is of an open and generous disposition, and he will easily become a prey to the unworthy. This thought carried me away from every other object; I could see but you in the world; I have left whatever was dear to me in order to watch over you. Could I have done all this without having the strongest affection for you?

*Ger.* I thank you for your attachment, and I wish you to partake of my good fortune. [*Taking his purse out of his pocket.*] Here, take these two guineas.

*Germ.* [*Stepping back.*] I take them!



How little you know me! I would willingly have given all I am worth, to have hindered that gold passing through your hands. Heaven preserve mine from touching it!

*Ger.* Do you think I did not gain it honourably?

*Germ.* That does not concern me. I would as soon touch a red-hot iron as touch that money: I should all my life reproach myself with having, in some measure, been an accomplice in your ruin.

*Ger.* Then you refuse this mark of my attachment?

*Germ.* Oh! my dear master, I loved you much more when it was not in your power to make me any present.

*Ger.* Take this, however; it is but a trifle.

*Germ.* Behold the prodigality of a gambler, who throws his money out at the window because he gains it so easily! To-day, you make me a present of two

guineas; to-morrow, very likely, you may not be able to pay me even my wages.

*Ger.* After having offered you this money, I shall not again put it in my pocket.

*Germ.* And do you think, after my first refusal, that I shall be induced to accept it?

*Ger.* What would you have me do with it?

*Germ.* Since it has come from such a contaminated source, we must endeavour to purify it by some good action. I have it: you know the old invalid to whom your father gave some money in order to set him up in business, that he might be enabled to provide for his family; these two guineas may very likely be of service to him: shall I take them to him as a mark of your friendship?

*Ger.* Yes, that is well imagined; but first come and dress my hair; afterwards you may go.

*Germ.* I had much rather have taken him five shillings of your savings. This gold must indeed be very impure; since I shudder at employing it even for a good action.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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## SECOND ACT.

### SCENE I.

GERCY, *and* GERMAIN.

*Germ.* You then give me leave to take these two guineas to honest Martial?

*Ger.* I have already told you, it would give me pleasure; but do not let him know how I came by them!

*Germ.* I should be very sorry, no

such warnings were necessary: I know very well he would no more take them than I should.

*Ger.* Then, go about your business: why do you wait?

*Germ.* I dare not tell you; however, if you would but pardon me?

*Ger.* Well, let us hear; what is it you wish?

*Germ.* [*In a supplicating tone.*] My dear master, I beg of you not to go out with that Mr. Versac! I have a gloomy foreboding, that something terrible will happen to you.

*Ger.* What! in going to see a match at piquet, in which I am no ways interested.

*Germ.* Then why go? Here are your books; amuse yourself with them: this is the hour that you were accustomed to dedicate to study, and which formerly seemed to you to pass so quick away?

*Ger.* I just now feel myself too heavy

to study: I must take a walk in the open air.

*Germ.* It is the air of gaming that you wish to take.

*Ger.* What nonsense!

*Germ.* You will likewise take the fury of gambling, remember I say so.

*Ger.* [*Impatiently.*] Go about your business, and plague me no longer.

*Germ.* Why am I obliged to obey you? I can keep it no longer; know then it is with regret I leave you. Alas! To what have you compelled me? This is the first time in my life that I go with reluctance to the assistance of an honest man. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*GERCY solus.*

Well, I have at last got rid of him! This man's attachment begins to be very troublesome. I suppose he thinks I am

never to have my eyes off a book. Yes, yes, my head is just now in a fit state for study!—[*He takes up his purse.*] 'Twenty guineas in one night! That may be called a good beginning! And if fortune favour me, I shall in a very short time out-dash all my comrades; nay, without excepting even Sir Charles Neuville himself. An elegant carriage, fine horses, and rich jewels! Versac was right: these pleasures are preferable to the dull monotony of study. It is not in burying one's self in a library that the ways of the world are to be learnt. I am young, and must act as do those of my own age. I shall have time enough to study when the season of pleasure is over. Well, I'm off. [*Going, when a knock is heard, and the door opens.*] [*Aside.*] Heavens, Mr. Verneuil!

## SCENE IV.

MR. VERNEUIL, *and* GERCY.

*Mr. Ver.* Gercy, good morning; I was with the colonel when your letter arrived, and am now come to see how you are.

*Ger.* My dear sir, a thousand thanks to you for this attention: I now find myself much better.

*Mr. Ver.* What could have occasioned you this sudden indisposition? I fear your ardour for knowledge will carry you too far.

*Ger.* No, sir, I can assure you that this slight illness was not brought on by over-study.

*Mr. Ver.* Well, well; all excesses at your age are very dangerous. For instance, I know that several of the younger officers spent the whole of last night at play. And I can assure you that

those who were at the morning's parade, looked very much changed; they appeared worn out with debauch. I am sorry that you were not present to see how badly they went through their exercise. What do you think of such conduct?

Ger. [*Hesitating.*] Sir—

Mr. Ver. What is the matter, Gercy? I find my presence very much embarrasses you to-day: you know, however, that I am your friend?

Ger. Yes, sir, and this friendship is dear to me, indeed.

Mr. Ver. I am flattered by the good opinion you have of me, and at the same time encouraged, if you have any thing that weighs heavy at your heart, to beg you will unbosom yourself to me.

Ger. I have nothing at heart.

Mr. Ver. What, nothing, absolutely nothing? I believe your word; do you give it me?

Ger. But, sir,—



*Mr. Ver.* I am afraid you will consider me troublesome if I stay any longer. Adieu, Gercy. [*Going.*]

*Ger.* [*Following and endeavouring to stop him.*] Ah! Mr. Verneuil——

*Mr. Ver.* I see it is necessary to encourage you. Of what do you stand in need? It is not money: my purse, you know, is on every occasion at your service; but having won so much last night, your finances cannot now be low.

*Ger.* What! you know then of—

*Mr. Ver.* Do you think I could be ignorant of any thing which in the least concerns you?

*Ger.* Then I have nothing to communicate to you.

*Mr. Ver.* I will forget having before heard it, in order that I may hear it from yourself.

*Ger.* I beseech you, sir, spare me that avowal: I am too much afraid of your just reproaches.

*Mr. Ver.* Reproaches, my dear Gercy!

No, never will I usurp that right, which our friendship sanctions, except where your honour or your duty is concerned. As for slight imprudences and trifling faults, I was once young myself, and have had my failings and weaknesses as well as you; I shall therefore receive the confidence of your follies with indulgence and affection.

*Ger.* Ah! my worthy friend! You have, by your goodness, won my heart. Yes, whatever may be the consequence of having swerved from your good counsels, I will tell you all.

*Mr. Ver.* Let us sit down. Now, relate to me your adventures.

*Ger.* I was yesterday invited to spend the evening with one of my comrades; before we sat down to supper a few rounds at Phrao were played; I constantly refused joining in the party; but after supper, I was so warmly pressed to take a hand that it was impossible for me to resist. I began by hazarding a

trifle on a card; chance favoured me: I declare to you that it was not the hopes of gain that induced me to follow up this run of good luck. I was only desirous of not risking any of my own money, and of being able to retire from play without either gaining or losing. Fortune favoured me in spite of myself; for I was never more surprised when we separated this morning, at five o'clock, to find my stock increased about twenty guineas.

*Mr. Ver.* And it was at the expence of your comrades, that you were thus enriched! You like them, you seek every occasion to render them services; at the same time, you enrich yourself with their spoils! Doubtless, there were some among them, whose losses must have caused them the deepest concern, and have plunged them into the greatest embarrassments.

*Ger.* That was my first thought upon counting the gold.

. *Mr. Ver.* Did that idea make any impression on you? Do not take it ill, my young friend, that I press you to tell me with the greatest frankness, the effect which the first favour of fortune had on you.

*Ger.* I cannot exactly say; for sleep soon overpowered me, but I will not dissemble, that in my dreams, I was transported with pleasure at the hopes of soon becoming rich. I had never before seen so much money at once in my own possession: and I have ceased blushing at the means which had procured it. Shall I own to you that I was anxious again to solicit the gifts of fortune. Fine clothes, an elegant carriage, rich jewels; all these objects crowded into my enchanted imagination; I roughly treated honest Germain, who roused me from my reveries, and pressed me to prepare for the parade, for which I was too late. One of my comrades, whose name I will not mention, called, and by the bewitch-

ing picture he drew, once more plunged me into a sea of illusions; when you entered, my imagination was more than ever exalted; and perhaps, but for you, my respectable guide——

*Mr. Ver. Gercy*, come to my arms! How overjoyed I am at your frankness! Ah! how much should I be hurt were such candour corrupted!

*Ger.* Yes, I will venture to say, that all my thoughts are honourable; but my easy disposition terrifies me. If you knew how much I suffer from the sarcasms of my comrades, on what they are pleased to call my affected singularities!

*Mr. Ver.* And if it be singularity in their eyes to follow your taste for study, and rigidly to fulfil every duty, should you not feel more shame in resembling them? Are you more afraid of their railleries, than of the disapprobation of your own conscience? And must you then deviate from your principles, by

conducting yourself unworthily? Take care, my young friend: in our profession, the first thing required is an unshaken steadiness of disposition: endeavour to live on friendly terms with your comrades, by testifying an interest and affection in all that concerns them: sacrifice sometimes your own taste to theirs, when, in so doing, you do not wound either your delicacy or your honour; but learn also to resist with firmness their insidious invitations, when you feel your heart condemns them. When you have refused them three or four times, you will be entirely freed from their importunities: far from seeking to entice you, they will hide from you their irregularities, and when they find that you have nobly raised your character above their opinion, they will be forced to esteem you.

*Ger.* That will not prevent my passing in their eyes for an unsociable savage. They cannot conceive my taste

for retirement; and I am persuaded that it is the interest they take in my welfare, which induces them to invite me to their amusements.

*Mr. Ver.* My young friend, take care that you do not continue a dupe to their perfidious insinuations! Do you think them so blind as not to be able to distinguish between folly and wisdom? It is because your conduct makes them ashamed of their own, that they endeavour to work a change in you. They even wish to see their superiors lead the same disorderly lives; in order, that with such examples for their justification, they might give greater scope to their licentiousness.

*Ger.* But, sir, it is then with monsters, not men, that I am destined to spend my life?

*Mr. Ver.* No, my dear friend, you must not so much condemn as pity them. That disorderly conduct is more their parent's fault than their own. The er-

roncous opinion of sound limbs and address in bodily exercises, being all that is wanting to fit a young man for our profession, has too long prevailed. It had been thought, that the best plan of education for those intended for the army, was to fill their heads with ambitious ideas of advancement and of fortune. It is with these vague principles of conduct that many officers have been launched into the world with other youths already corrupted by dissipation, into which they had been plunged by the inactivity of their lives, at an age the most susceptible, from its weakness, of receiving the worst impressions. God forbid that you should imagine I meant, in what I have said, to infer, that all young officers become victims to dissipation! On the contrary, it is to the honour of our brave army, that fewer examples of these shameful scenes are to be found among them than we might have a right to expect. In spite, how-



ever, of the vigilance of the chiefs, how many unworthy individuals are every year expelled the army! How many families are either publicly dishonoured, or privately ruined, by the ill conduct of their children! Could you wish to cause so much affliction to your parents?

*Ger.* Ah! sir, my only wish is to live to illustrate their name.

*Mr. Ver.* It is as much for their interest as for yours, that I conjure you to take care of yourself. The charms of study, the taste for things becoming a man, the testimony of your own conscience, have hitherto been sufficient for your happiness: do you think you can add to it by adopting the manner of living of some of your comrades? Be not deluded by their brilliant pleasures; their roaring joys do not announce internal happiness. Alas! How can they be happy, buried as they are in the grossest ignorance, strangers to every rational enjoyment, treated by their su-

periors with contempt or with indignation; scorned by the soldiery, and, what is still worse, crushed by the weight of their own reflections. See them in the intervals between their tumultuous scenes, how they are gnawed by disgust and ennui; they cannot bear to be a single instant alone; they have no greater enemies than themselves. Humbled in the presence of any officer of merit, they shun him with more care than he takes to avoid them. They can live only with those whose conduct is like their own; not, however, to taste the pleasure of reciprocal friendship, but to endeavour at the ruinous hazardous to strip one another of whatever they may be possessed, or else to pass the night in some scandalous debauch. Follow these miserable wretches through the remainder of their existence: in the first place, behold them tormented by grovelling jealousies; soliciting, in a

thousand different ways, an uncertain promotion, or for years courting a mark of distinction, which, as they cannot conduct themselves with honour, can serve only to disgrace them; some among them, after having consumed their patrimony in all kinds of licentiousness, take refuge in great cities, in which they beg a precarious existence, by becoming parasites and flatterers; nay, sometimes degrade themselves so far as even to become spies and informers; others, yielding to a gloomy misanthropy, retire to their estates in the country, with all the attendants of disorder and depravation in their train. Being, even in their own eyes, unworthy of their fellow-citizens, they only seek by violence and injustice to make themselves feared; they tyrannize over their vassals in the same manner as they used to tyrannize over their soldiers; they end by dragging out a premature old age, wea-

ried with infirmities, despised by all, and loaded with the curses of their very dependants.

*Ger.* Oh, sir! what a frightful picture you have drawn! If I should one day become——

*Mr. Ver.* No, Gercy, your own heart and my friendship will, I hope, preserve you from such misfortunes. What I have just described must, no doubt, have struck terror into your heart; but you will find other examples to inspire you with courage. Even among the officers of our regiment, I could name several who are worthy of being held out as models; but if one more particularly exists, who devoted to useful studies every moment that could be spared from his duties to society, and the functions of his profession; if this man, from the nobleness of his sentiments and his cultivated mind, from his qualities, which are both brilliant and solid, is both honoured by his supe-

riors, and respected by all those under his command; if, after having distinguished himself in war by his valour and intrepidity, and by his punctuality in fulfilling his functions in time of peace, he had retired with a virtuous and respectable wife, to occupy himself solely with the instruction and welfare of his children; if he has the happiness to live in harmony with all his neighbours; to maintain peace among his vassals; to assist them with his fortune and experience; after having defended the state, to continue his services by enriching the country with improved methods of husbandry; if, in short, this man——

*Ger.* That is enough, sir. To what other man than my father can you allude?

*Mr. Ver.* Yes, my friend, it is he himself whose character I have been drawing: you see I do not endeavour to surprise your enthusiasm by an exaggerated picture of virtue; I fear I have not given to my description the strength

of colouring necessary to paint the character of this truly respectable man; remember it is his blood which flows in your veins: what should prevent your following the path which he has already trodden? The sentiments of veneration and friendship which he has inspired in the breasts of all the most estimable officers of our corps, have already disposed them very much in your favour. The remembrance of him, and the regret for his absence, have, notwithstanding your youth, caused your company to be desired, nay even courted by the first families in this city; every thing seems to combine to make your duties easy and to attach you to them. Ah, Gercy! I conjure you not to turn these fortunate advantages against yourself.

*Ger.* No, sir, I venture to give you my word. I can answer for myself in whatever respects my honour; but I am young, of an easy temper, and without

experience; I beseech you not to abandon me on my entering into life; be to me as a father.

*Mr. Ver.* You know I have for you all the affection of a parent. Every following day I feel more grievously the absence of my much beloved friend. Let me again find him in his son, or rather let his son become mine! Do not be alarmed at the difference of our ages; my years will not render me an austere censor of your conduct : no, do not fear. I will assist you in your studies, I will share in your pleasures; every thing which tends to draw closer our ties will give me the highest satisfaction. Come, Gercy, come to my arms : embrace a tender and sincere friend, whom you at every moment and on every occasion will find ready at your call. [*Gercy, unable to speak, throws himself into the arms of Mr. Verneuil, who presses him to his bosom.*] Adieu, Gercy; I am very much pleased with the sentiments I have disco-

vered in you : never forget what has just passed between us.

*Ger.* Ah, sir ! Never can it be effaced from my memory !

*Mr. Ver.* [*Going out and returns.*] But I was forgetting to tell you, that I have just received news from your father ; you know he had requested me to look after your equipment, and to be answerable in his name to the tradesmen ; I leave with you a bill of exchange, payable at sight, which he has sent me to satisfy their demands.

*Ger.* Leave with me, sir ?

*Mr. Ver.* Yes Gercy, I insist ; this is one of the occasions in which friendship may exercise its empire.

*Ger.* But since you have had the goodness to answer for this sum, you certainly have a right to dispose of the bill yourself.

*Mr. Ver.* No, my dear friend, I am very glad at having it in my power to show this mark of my confidence ; besides,



it is necessary that every young officer should be acquainted with the prices of the articles of which in his profession he may stand in need. The care you will take exactly to pay your bills, will make you be esteemed, and will, at the same time, be an inducement to you hereafter to maintain your character for punctuality. The bill of exchange is payable at sight; send immediately for the money; I will call on the different tradesmen and settle their prices; so that all you will have to do is to pay the bills they furnish.

*Ger.* I must submit to whatever you wish.

*Mr. Ver. (In a friendly tone.)* Adieu, Gercy.

#### SCENE IV.

*GERCY, solus.*

**Excellent man! How amiable in him**

does virtue appear ! How easy it sits on him ! It would seem from his affectionate expressions, that I never was so deserving of his esteem as at the present moment. And you, my father, whose picture he has so nobly drawn—Yes, I will follow your footsteps, I will resemble your friend. I will never be unworthy of having chosen either of you for my model.

## SCENE V.

GERCY, *and* GERMAIN.

*Germ.* Ah ! My dear master, if you knew the pleasure I have just had ! I would have given all I have in the world for you to have been present at such an affecting scene.

*Ger.* What was it, Germain ?

*Germ.* With what transports of joy did honest Martial receive your two guineas. It was not the value of the sum :

Oh no, sir ! do not imagine that; it was the pleasure he had in receiving this mark of your attachment. Ah ! cried he, I did not want his present to make me love him ! Is he not the son of the man for whom I would give all I possess, nay even my life ? They are his, if he is in want of them. Yes, I, as well as all that belongs to me, are certainly his own. On saying these words, he abruptly left me to go for his wife and children ; he soon returned with his little family ; he showed them what he had just received from the son of his benefactor. It was not without a great deal of difficulty he at last explained the business to them ; so much did his joy overpower him, that he could hardly speak, and I absolutely left him crying ; but you will see him immediately, for he is coming as soon as he can clean himself and put on his ancient military coat. Ah ! my dear master, none of the pleasures to which they wish to lead you, can ever be so satis-

factory to your heart as that of obliging an honest and grateful man.

*Ger.* [*With emotion.*] Yes, Germain, when he comes I will see him : his having been the object of my father's bounties is sufficient to endear him to me.

*Germ.* How much you rejoice me! But indeed I could expect nothing less from a son of Mr. Gercy.—I met Mr. Verneuil on the staircase; you have no doubt seen him; he is the man to whom you ought to listen; nothing but good can be collected from what he utters.

*Ger.* He has just given me a bill of exchange from my father to pay my equipment.

*Germ.* Indeed, that gives me pleasure, for those debts gave me some anxiety.

*Ger.* You must immediately go to the banker's and receive the money.

*Germ.* Give me the bill, sir, and I will not tarry on the way.

*Ger.* Make haste then, so as to be here

before the tradesmen's accounts are presented; they are to be sent in to-day.

*Germ.* I will make such haste, that if my feet fail, I shall, I believe, find wings to speed me. My dear master, we shall now be without any further uneasiness! We shall settle your affairs. Trust but to me, and I will so regulate your expences, that you will be able to live with more honour than most of your comrades in the midst of all their show and extravagancies. But I am losing my time in demonstrations of joy: do give me the bill, and I will instantly to the banker's.  
[*Exit with the bill.*]

## SCENE VI.

GERCY, *solus.*

Yes, I am decided; what I have just felt at the bottom of my heart has for ever fixed my fate: I have too plainly seen the

dreadful abyss into which I had like to be plunged, perhaps without means of ever casting a look behind.

*[He takes up a book.]*

In you has the happiness of my life hitherto consisted; how near was I throwing you aside, and for what? pleasures as frivolous as they are dangerous: with joy do I again take you in my hand; enlighten my understanding, cleanse my heart; I give up to you to regulate all my thoughts and all my actions. *[He hears somebody at the door.]* But who comes now to interrupt me? Versac! what can this troublesome fellow want?

## SCENE VII.

VERSAC, *and* GERCY.

*Ver.* Well, Gercy, you are here quietly immured at home; you do not think that all your companions are impatient for your joining them.

*Ger.* No, no, Versac, I have changed my mind; I shall not go out.

*Ver.* How comes that about? Did you not give me your word?

*Ger.* It is true I gave you my word, but by your importunities you forced it from me at a moment when I was distracted; I have since reflected, and I mean to stay at home.

*Ver.* Gercy, you surely do not think what you say. I can assure you that you will have a great deal of pleasure.

*Ger.* But if I find still more by remaining where I am?

*Ver.* [*In a serious tone.*] But the question is not with regard to your pleasure alone.

*Ger.* What do you mean to say!

*Ver.* I did not imagine that any explanation was necessary.

*Ger.* In fine, tell me, I pray, what signifies all this preamble?

*Ver.* You know very well that in our party last night you were the gainer: I

was the greatest sufferer in the general loss; and you ought not to be ignorant that a man of honour never refuses to give the revenge.

*Ger.* Now, I understand you; it was to the gaming table that you were endeavouring to drag me, under the pretext of procuring me amusement.

*Ver.* It was only a more polite term I employed.

*Ger.* I am sorry it will be so useless to you.

*Ver.* No, no, it will not be useless, I can assure you; I leave yourself to judge: you are well acquainted with the laws of honour.

*Ger.* I do not see what this business can have to do with the laws of honour. Was it I last night who solicited you to play? On the contrary, notwithstanding my repugnance, you, in some measure, forced me to play.

*Ver.* What does that signify; you played, you have our money, and you



cannot refuse giving us the chance of repairing our losses.

*Ger.* And if I continue to win, must I then play all my life.

*Ver.* I do not go so far: but if we had won, we should not have refused giving you the opportunity of endeavouring to recover your money.

*Ger.* [*With dignity.*] I should not have asked it of you.

*Ver.* Every one has his own way of thinking: but, as for us, we must have our revenge.

*Ger.* No, no, I know a much shorter way to settle: I was twenty guineas in pocket; now, as I did not sit down with any intention of gaining, I can have no regret in restoring the money: here it is. I willingly consent to consider the whole as a frolic; and I wish that all who lost may take back their own.

*Ver.* You surely are not sensible that in making such a proposition you insult us?

*Ger.* That was far from my thoughts. But what then would you wish me to do?

*Ver.* I have already told you: give us our revenge. When you offer us our money in any other way, you ought to know that we cannot accept it. Will you allow us to think that you only sought to profit of our run of ill luck?

*Ger.* That is enough: I will satisfy you; but, at the same time permit me to inform you, that I shall take with me no more than the twenty guineas I won of you; therefore do not expect I shall risk a crown of my own.

*Ver.* That is all we ask.

*Ger.* In that case, I am ready to follow you. I pray fortune to favour you.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## THIRD ACT.

## SCENE I.

GERMAIN [*With a bag of money under his arm*].

Here is at last what will satisfy our tradesmen! They will not be more pleased to receive the amount of their bills, than I shall be to see them paid. I did not dare to look them in the face. Now it is they who will shew civilities to me in order to preserve our custom. But where can be my young master? I thought that he seemed inclined to spend the rest of the day in his chamber. He is perhaps gone to see Mr. Verneuil. Well, well, as long as he is in the company of that respectable officer, I am easy on his account. But do I not perceive Martial?

## SCENE II.

GERMAIN, *and* MARTIAL [*Afraid to come inside the door*].

*Mart.* Yes, Germain, it is I; may I come in?

*Germ.* Why not, my good friend? An honest man like you can show his face any where.

*Mart.* I am not alone: my wife and children are waiting on the staircase.

*Germ.* Why did you leave them? Run and bring them here immediately.

*Mart.* But do you think your young master will be pleased to see us all together? I am afraid that the visits of so many people will be troublesome to him.

*Germ.* What do you say? On the contrary, the greater your number, the greater will be his satisfaction at hearing himself blessed by so many tongues at once. He cannot now be long; and I

can assure you, that he will be delighted to find you here.

*Mart.* Well, on your word, I will go for my little family.

*Germ.* Go, my old comrade, go, and bring them all in.

### SCENE III.

GERMAIN, *solus*.

What pleasure it will be for Mr. Gercy to learn by our next letter, that his son so nobly supplies his place as a benefactor to his old soldier! I take this detail upon myself. The interview must be attended with the best effects. Young men cannot be too much in the company of honest and upright people; nothing can inspire them more with the love of virtue than such examples.

My young master is naturally well inclined; but the sight of the brave Martial and his family cannot fail to warm

his breast. Their gratitude is so lively, so affectionate, and so kind, that the most depraved character might, upon beholding them, be reclaimed.

## SCENE IV.

MARTIAL, *his wife, his children, and*

GERMAIN.

*Germ.* Come in, madam ; come in, my dear little children : here you are among your friends.

*Mrs. Mart.* We thank you, Mr. Germain, you are very kind.

*Mart.* When we have occasion to call on the other officers of the garrison, they do not receive us with so much attention.

*Mrs. Mart.* Oh, they look down upon us because my husband was only a private soldier.

*Germ.* Any contempt they show must disgrace themselves. A veteran like him is equal to any military man, who is a

man of honour; and a hundred times above any one who is not a man of honour.

*Mart.* My brave Germain ! It is evident that you have contracted Mr. Gercy's manner of thinking.

*Germ.* That is true; and I am proud to say that all my sentiments are similar to those of my former master.

*Mart.* He was really a man of honour ! And you must be happy in being able to answer his attachment ! He knows that you have sacrificed your repose in order to attend upon his son ; and he can never think of you without feeling the most lively gratitude. But, as for me, what have I as yet done to prove my affection for him ? Alas, he is attached to me by his bounties alone !

*Germ.* And do bounties not deserve to be reckoned ? He is sufficiently paid in knowing that you would not have accepted them from any body else.

*Mart.* Oh, no ! that is poor payment ;

he perhaps does not know the sacrifices I should be glad to make.

*Germ.* Martial, you do him an injustice: I will answer for it, he is as convinced of what he might expect, as if proofs had already been given him.

*Mart.* At any rate, that idea consoles me. If it had not been for that respectable man, what would have become of me? Being obliged to leave the army, mangled with wounds, and my best blood spilt, could I, at my age, have begun to learn a trade? I yet tremble when I think I had no other prospect than that of begging my bread: Mr. Gercy, even before I had any thought of imploring his aid, came to my assistance: he advanced what was necessary to establish my little trade. He afterwards recommended me to all his friends; and by his means my marriage took place: thanks to him, I have the most promising children, and a wife who has all my affection; my affairs are in the best



state: it would appear that his protection has procured me the particular favour of heaven. May heaven also reward him in his children !

*Germ.* Your prayers are already heard: the sentiments of my young master are becoming and honourable, and I answer for it that he will be like his father.

*Mart.* My happiness would then be complete. Here is my eldest son, who I intend shall serve some years under him. When Mr. Gercy did me the honour to be his god-father, he said: “ Martial, we have long been attached to each other; I intend that our children shall, in their turn, be friends.” On my part, nothing shall be wanting to promote his wishes. Ever since young Mr. Gercy joined the regiment, I have taken my son every day to the parade; in order to point out to him the son of our patron; we were even there this morning, and I was very uneasy at not finding your mas-

ter in the bataillon; at the time you were at my house with his present for me, I had repaired hither in order to inquire whether he was unwell. Thank God! my circumstances are far above being in want of such a sum; but the gift came from a good heart, and I received it with pleasure. I should have a bad grace to refuse this money, when I am wholly indebted to his father for my present situation; it might have the appearance of my despising his assistance, and certainly nothing can be farther from my thoughts; I cannot now do otherwise than submit to have his favours heaped upon me. The more he is convinced of my being at my ease, the less ought I to blush at accepting what he gives me. I wish he also knew what my feelings were upon receiving this sum.

*Germ.* You may be very easy on that account: if he were not himself sensible of your gratitude, I should take

care to let him know how much you cherish the remembrance of his family.

*Mart.* I sincerely thank you. However, my dear friend, your master is young; he does not yet sufficiently know the value of money. I might, without uneasiness, receive presents from his father, because I know the order which he observed in all his expences, and that what he gave me was from his superfluity; but at the age of your young master such superfluity is unknown. Every little fantasy appears a necessary want. I should be very vexed if, in having followed a first movement of generosity, he had imposed upon himself any privation which he may hereafter regret.

*Germ.* You may quiet your scruples on that score: he could not have employed that small sum in any other manner: he does not miss it. We were never richer than we are at present. This money, to pay his equipment, was received this morning. Besides, to his

honour, be it said, nobody can live more regularly than he has hitherto done.

*Mart.* I am very glad to hear this of him. If, like the other young officers, he adopted extravagant habits, and, particularly, if he took to gaming, he would soon be lost. How many have I known brought to ruin by this dreadful passion !

*Germ.* Do not be under any apprehension: since the conversation he just now had on that subject with Mr. Verneuil, his ideas are farther than ever from any thing of the kind.

*Mart.* [*With a gay countenance.*] Germain, are you very sure of what you say?

*Germ.* I am very certain; and I am not afraid to answer for his conduct.

*Mart.* Oh! my dear friend, if you knew how much good your words do me! I take heaven to witness that my own children are not dearer to me than those of my much respected benefactor! they are never separated in my thoughts.

If your young master's conduct were irregular, I should die with grief: but when I hear that he does honour to his family, I feel, as it were, a double parent's joy. I long for his arrival; I must tell him how happy his conduct makes me.

*Germ.* I think I hear somebody on the staircase.

*Mart.* My heart tells me it is Mr. Gercy. Come, Jane; children, come along: he is the son of our beloved patron. I shall to-day bestow all my love upon the one who best testifies his respect and affection.

[*Martial, his wife and children hastily go towards the door to meet Gercy.*]

## SCENE V.

GERCY, GERMAIN, MARTIAL, *his wife,*  
*and children.*

Ger. [*Entering with a wild look and his hat drawn over his eyes.*] Oh, Heavens! Whither shall I fly? Where can I hide myself?

Germ. My dear master, what is the matter? What is the cause of your distress?

Ger. [*Hastily.*] Leave me, leave me: your questions are importunate.

Mart. Oh, my dear sir! I conjure you to tell us what is the matter with you! Your dreadful situation is worse to us than death.

Ger. [*Rudely to Martial.*] What are you doing here?

Germ. How can you, sir, speak so sharply to this worthy man?

Ger. Martial, I beg your pardon, I

did not mean to offend you ; but in your presence I am overwhelmed with shame : I do not deserve to be in the company of respectable people. Henceforth I can keep that only of such monsters as myself.

*Mrs. Mart.* Oh Heavens ! What can have happened to you ?

*Ger.* Do not ask what I would wish to conceal from myself. Why cannot I hide myself from the whole world ! Can I now inspire any thing else than horror !

*Mart.* Who do you mean, sir ? Yourself ? No, I know you well and I know that to be impossible. The son of such a man as Mr. Gercy, never——

*Ger.* Say no more ; your esteem only adds to my shame : behold a wretch who does not deserve to live ; who has in one short hour violated probity, honour, conscience, nature itself, nay every thing which is held sacred on earth, and become the vilest of mankind.

*Germ.* What! Mr. Gercy!

*Ger.* Call me no more by a name which I have dishonoured! Oh, Heavens! to plunge into embarrassment a worthy friend, or to strike a dagger into my father's heart! That is the dreadful alternative to which I am reduced.

*Germ.* What do I hear! Can you, whose virtues I was just extolling to these worthy people, have been capable——

*Ger.* Yes, Germain, reproach me as much as you please: I do not deserve pity. Barbarians! I only wished to restore to them what I had involuntarily gained; I implored the aid of fortune against me, in order to be more speedily disencumbered of a gain which distressed me, and which I despised; and cruel fortune but too readily heard my prayers! Being attacked on all sides at the same time, and embarrassed with their complicated stakes, my head became bewildered; and I was plundered, not only



of all I had about me, but also of that money which ought to have been sacred for other purposes. Germain, make haste and carry that money to Versac, in order that he and his accomplices may divide their prey !

*Germ.* What have you ventured to utter, sir? Was that money your's?

*Ger.* I know but too well what you say; how unfortunate I am! But make haste and do as I bid you: avail yourself of my distracted situation to execute my orders. Do not wait the return of my reason, lest it should prompt me to recal them.

*Germ.* No, sir, do not imagine that I shall execute any such orders: my fidelity itself forces me to disobey you. That money is only a deposit in your hands; it was remitted to you by Mr. Verneuil, in order to satisfy engagements for which he is answerable: and would you, for the sake of enriching perfidious gamblers, betray the confidence of a friend?

*Ger.* What would you have me do? Do not you know how sacred among us are debts of honour? Oh! fatal laws, which false honour imposes upon me!

*Germ.* Do not accuse the laws, sir; you have only yourself to blame. Those laws were established to prevent your risking ~~beyond what~~ you could lose; you are better acquainted with them than I am: if you had imprinted them on your heart, you would not have exposed yourself to be degraded by useless repining.

*Mrs. Mart.* Oh; Mr. Germain! You see how dreadfully he suffers; I beg of you, do not overwhelm him.

*Mart.* Yes, my wife is right; we have no time to lose in vain reproaches; we must act and not fret.

*Ger.* Alas! what can I do?

*Mart.* Sir, your engagements are become mine; you must take no concern about them.

*Ger.* What! you would——

*Mart.* When my life itself is at your

service, is it worth while to talk about my little fortune?

*Ger.* No, no, Martial, I will not hear you mention it——

*Mart.* You have lost all your own rights; and, on the other hand, I have just obtained all mine.

*Ger.* Of what rights do you presume to speak?

*Mart.* Of those acquired by the innumerable obligations under which your father has laid me, and what this morning you did for me yourself.

*Ger.* To what new humiliation am I reduced!

*Mart.* How can you speak of humiliation? In that case, what ought to be my humiliation at receiving assistance from your father? But so far from blushing, I am proud of his being my creditor, because I glory in enjoying his friendship. My heart foretold me that I should one day have it in my power to prove to him my gratitude. I would forfeit my life,

rather than let slip this opportunity of testifying it to him.

*Ger.* Generous Martial! What do you mean to do?

*Mart.* It is not fit that you should yet know my intentions: you shall not be informed of ~~them~~ until all your embarrassments are over.

*Ger.* Am I not sufficiently degraded already? Do you think I am dead to every sentiment of honour?

*Mart.* Honour, sir? You must not attempt to dictate the laws of honour to an old soldier. Your's is not less dear to me than my own, and I will preserve that which belongs to us both.

*Ger.* Martial, I conjure you, leave me to my own reflections: I deserve to sink under the weight of my crime.

*Mart.* If, in that case, I could coolly abandon you, what do you think I should deserve? I know by what name to call your fault; but I should not be able to find an epithet for my baseness.

*Ger.* Generous but cruel man! What do you wish of me?

*Mart.* Absolutely nothing, not even your consent; I have no occasion for your approbation, and it is my duty to serve you in spite of yourself. The time is too precious, for you are lost if the business becomes public. Step for a moment into this closet, in order to compose yourself while we take measures to preserve your reputation.

*[He gently pushes Gercy into the closet and shuts the door upon him.]*

## SCENE VI.

MARTIAL, ~~his~~ wife, his children, and

GERMAIN.

*Mart.* My dear wife and children, listen to me a moment. You see Mr. Gercy's dreadful situation, and you are convinced of the obligations we are under to his father. Are you sensible

of what would have been my fate, if it had not been for his bounties? If I have hitherto been able to keep you above want; if I have been able to procure you assistance in your sicknesses, and pay the expences of your education, ~~it is to him alone that~~ I am indebted for the means. Well then, this generous man, if he hears what has happened to his son, will die with grief. By keeping it from his knowledge we shall preserve his life, in like manner as he has already preserved our's. We have but the alternative, either of being ungrateful, in order to keep what we have, and of which heaven in its malediction would soon deprive us, or of doing our duty, by making a willing sacrifice of our little fortune. I might without consulting you make my choice; I might alone judge of the propriety of giving ~~to~~ to our benefactor, or of breaking his heart: I like better, however, to leave ~~the~~ question to your decision; but at the same time

reflect, that you are also going to decide with regard to my life or death.

*Mrs. Mart.* Can you doubt my sentiments?

*Mart.* And you, my children, what do you say?

*Child.* O my dear father, may we suffer, may die, rather than be ungrateful!

*Mart.* I did not expect any of my family to be of another opinion; and I love you all better than ever. Go, my friends, and wait for me at home, until I can express to you all my affection.

## SCENE VII.

MARTIAL, and GERMAIN.

*Mart.* Oh my dear Martial, my admiration kept me silent! But I cannot suffer so much galling: you must not for the follies of my young master sacrifice your own property and that of your children.

*Mart.* What do you call our property? It belongs neither to them nor to me. It is that of my benefactor, and I restore it to him in the person of his son.

*Germ.* Ought not you, who are so good a father, to begin by taking care of your family?

*Mart.* When I experienced Mr. Gercy's generosity, had not he a family?

*Germ.* Can you determine to lose in one moment, the fruits of ten years' toil and economy?

*Mart.* It would be much more dreadful for me to lose the fruit of an honourable life of fifty years.

*Germ.* I know what he is as well as you; but perhaps you exaggerate it in your own ideas.

*Mart.* Do not imagine I am carried away by pride to make a parade of acquitting my obligation to Gercy. I love and respect him too much, not to sacrifice to him even my vanity. My presence of mind, the quality of our relations, ena-



bled me, at the first glance, to discover all the consequences of this fault, which, however little it may be suspected by the world, will occasion your young master's losing both the esteem which he has already acquired, and all his future prospects. His fault, into which perhaps his high mind alone plunged him, will not be considered otherwise than as the action of a downright gambler. Feeling himself disgraced, and imagining that he has no more reputation to lose, he will endeavour to avoid the milleries of his comrades by joining in all their intemperance, or he will be engaged in numberless quarrels in order to repel them. But above all, if this adventure reached the ears of his father!—main! You who know him, can conceive what would be his grief.—ad of the hopes which he has founded on his son, to illustrate his family, he would in future consider him only as the cause of his disgrace and ruin—and I, who exist only by his

bounties, behold him given up to despair! No, no, my friend, nothing, not even misery and death, could so much terrify me as that dreadful perspective.

*Germ.* Yes, Martial, we must certainly spare him that motive of affliction.  
~~But Mr.~~ Verneuil ———

*Mart.* German, he must never know any thing of this business; your young master would have too much reason to fear his just reproaches, and I will not expose him to that gentleman's censure.

*Germ.* You do not know Mr. Verneuil; although he may be severe in what concerns himself, he is in the highest degree indulgent and mild with regard to every body else.

*Mart.* That does not signify; he is not a father——How should he know what are the follies of youth which ought to be winked at?

*Germ.* You can at least make him sensible of them. Call upon him, Martial, and ——

*Mart.* What occasion have I for him when I can act by myself? If I saw your master rolling down a precipice, should I go for Mr. Verneuil to save him?

*Germ.* Mr. Verneuil is better able to make a sacrifice than you.

*Mart.* He is not so much bound to it as I am.

*Germ.* But you know that he has answered for the payment.

*Mart.* I have contracted a more ancient and more sacred obligation; he has answered only with regard to pecuniary matters; but I in my heart offer daily to Mr. Gercy, myself, my children, and my life, every thing I have, all I am. These are the guarantees of my gratitude; this is the pledge of a very sacred debt, which I will discharge. Go, Germain, return to your master. Let us take care that he be not overcome by his despair. Being, as he is, sensible of honour, this first fault will be a lesson not easily to be effaced from his memory; and such a

lesson will perhaps be of more service to him than ten years of untried virtue. Germain, adieu; I take with me this money : his gambling debts shall soon be paid, and I know how to satisfy all his other creditors.

<sup>2nd</sup> ~~Germain~~ *[Germain is going to answer; exit Martial without giving him time. Germain raises his hands to heaven, and goes into the cabinet to his master.]*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## FOURTH ACT.

## SCENE I.

GERCY, *and* GERMAIN.

Gercy. [*Coming out of the closet with a letter in his hand.*] I cannot longer hesitate, therefore this letter will inform my father of every circumstance.

*Germ.* O, sir! what a death-blow it will be for him!

*Ger.* My heart already bleeds for him; but I cannot in honour act otherwise.

*Germ.* It will be very cruel.

*Ger.* Can any one feel his affliction more severely than I do? I shall not have a moment's repose until this fatal letter is sent off, and my uneasiness and remorse will follow it to the paternal dwelling. How dreadful for me when I can say that my family must be reading a

letter which carries them so much distress!

*Germ.* I cannot myself bear the thought.

*Ger.* I figure to my mind, the servants contending who shall be the first to take ~~the letter~~ out of the hands of the post-boy and to deliver it to my father; that affectionate father refusing to enjoy alone the pleasure which he is expecting to partake with his wife and children; already the family met in the parlour, and all, with their hearts beating, a smile upon their face and pleasure sparkling in their eyes, anxiously waiting in silence to hear the welcome news; the fatal letter unsealed, read, and all that joy changed into consternation; that adored son, that beloved brother, become an object of contempt and abhorrence; the servants separating, my sisters growing pale, and my mother fainting away in their arms; my father filled with indignation, tearing

the letter into a thousand pieces, and perhaps, in his wrath, uttering the parental malediction—O Germain! this dreadful picture, whether I am asleep or awake, will ever be present to my imagination.

*Germ.* I beseech you, sir, ~~do not then~~ give yourself up to despair! Mr. Gercy will never forget that he is your father.

*Ger.* Did I not forget that I was his son?

*Germ.* Your repentance and his affection will soon reconcile you to each other.

*Ger.* O! if I could but flatter myself with that hope! Yes, my father! upon being informed of my fault, you will at the same time be sensible of my confidence in your affection: I shall have faithfully observed the promise which I made at our separation, to communicate my conduct to you without any reserve; I shall have laid myself open to your reproaches, rather than involve in em-

barrassment your best friend, or the generous man whom you have thought proper to protect.

*Germ.* But, sir, if Martial have already put his project in execution ! I did what I could to induce him to give it up ; but he was not to be shaken in his resolution, and perhaps——

*Ger.* [*Earnestly.*] Run and find him. I am afraid that he will have taken for a consent the irresolution which the disorder of my mind occasioned. Tell him that he will give me the greatest pain in persisting to ruin himself in order to save me from a disgrace which I have well deserved.

*Germ.* Sir, I shall fly to find him.

*Ger.* Make him sensible that his gratitude towards his benefactor is not less, and that my letter is filled with the account of his generous conduct towards me. That consolation is the least I can give my father for all the grief which I occasion him. If he be so unfortunate



as to have cause to complain of his son, let him at least know, that he has still friends who would sacrifice every thing to the dread of causing him the slightest uneasiness. I have painted this excellent Martial in the most glowing colours; and when my father observes that I am ~~so~~ much taken up with his good qualities, he will perhaps be convinced, that I could not have given him any cause of affliction except in having for a moment forgotten myself.

*Germ.* My dear master, who would not be touched with your remorse! I do not know whether your letter will not cause to Mr. Gercy as much joy as grief. I shall run to Martial; and I shall not stay a minute.

## SCENE II.

GERCY, *solus.*

How unfortunate! My creditors are coming. What can I say to them? They

must by this time know that I have received money to pay them. I must therefore acknowledge the criminal use which I have made of the remittance, and request a delay which they will perhaps refuse, or which they may grant me with marks of contempt. To what a dreadful situation have I reduced myself by a single error? I cannot even have recourse to the friendship of Mr. Verneuil. After having so basely betrayed his noble confidence, how can I venture to appear before him! Who knows if he even has it in his power to give me the assistance which I might solicit? He knows my father too well not to consider it his duty to be at all times ready to fulfil his guarantee! But why did he carry his friendship so far as to trust me!

## SCENE III.

GERCY, *and* VERSAC.

*Vers.* Well, Gercy ! I come to compliment you on your exactness. There ~~is~~ some pleasure in playing with you; people have not to wait for their money.

*Ger.* Since you have received your money, sir, what do you wish besides?

*Vers.* To pay you a friendly visit.

*Ger.* [*Coldly.*] That is an honour which I was certainly far from expecting.

*Vers.* Are you angry? I thought you had sufficient courage to support a moment of ill luck. After the play is over, every thing is forgotten and people continue good friends as before.

*Ger.* But our previous connection was not, I believe, very intimate.

*Vers.* This is an opportunity of draw-

ing us closer to each other. It is foolish to be discouraged by a caprice of fortune: you will be more lucky another time, and you may soon make up your losses. We are not restive as you are; and, as soon as you receive money, we will give you your revenge, or, if you have any left, we are ready to sit down with you this very day.

*Ger.* No, no, I consent to let you off; I shall never ask my revenge.

*Vers.* So much the worse; that is your misfortune. Like you, I myself began by losing a trifle; but if I had contented myself with my first trial, I should indeed have been a dupe.

*Ger.* I am quite satisfied with mine.

*Vers.* I forgive you that thought in the first moments of ill humour occasioned by your losses, but I hope that a little reflexion will bring you to reason. You are in the situation of a general, who in consequence of a trifling loss sustained in a skirmish gives orders to

retreat, although his army be still able to keep the field.

Ger. [*Ironically.*] You are happy in your comparison.

Vers. My comparison is more exact than you take it to be.

Ger. You apparently consider gaming as essentially connected with the profession of a soldier?

Vers. A game at chess is a campaign in miniature, by attention to which, we may learn how we ought sometimes to follow the enemy and sometimes to retreat; by turns to exaggerate and hide our forces; to give up a small piece of ground in order to obtain greater advantages; to have the appearance of offering battle when we are preparing to retreat; and in fine not to give battle unless with the certainty of obtaining the victory.

Ger. A very learned description, and only the ambuscades forgotten!

*Vers.* They have also their advantages.

*Ger.* I think that henceforth our kings could not do better than choose their generals in the gaming house. In such a case you could not be without hopes of advancement.

*Vers.* I am glad to find that you can be jocular.

*Ger.* A joke may be carried too far. I do not mean any thing more than seriously to say, that you appear to be too formidable an enemy for me; and that for the future, my whole study shall be to guard my own possessions, without ever attempting to invade yours, or even thinking of obtaining back those which I have already lost.

*Vers.* The reinforcements you are expecting, will be accompanied by ambition.

*The door of the antichamber opens;  
Mr. Dubois, Mr. Denis, and Mr.  
Dupre are seen; but they do not ven-  
ture to come in.*

**Vers.** [*Perceiving them.*] But I discover a party which is advancing to plunder you : it is my duty to assist in repulsing the enemy.

**Ger.** I beg of you to speak more civilly of these good people. I have some business to settle with them, and I should be very glad that we were left alone.

**Vers.** I cannot leave you : I must teach you how to get rid of impertinent creditors.

**Ger.** Mr. Versac, you are too obliging ; but I will not give you that trouble.

**Vers.** You may say what you please ; but those fellows must be taught how to treat gentlemen ; it is they who ruin us ; as if our money were not for our amusements, while we have fathers and guardians to pay our tradesmen's bills !

## SCENE IV.

GERCY, VERSAC, DUBOIS, DENIS, and DUPRI.

*Ver.* [*Going up to them, Gercy endeavours to prevent him.*] Well, gentlemen! what do you want? You have no sooner delivered your goods, than you come to dun us.

*Dub.* Our business, sir, is not with you, thank God!

*Ver.* What do you mean to say? have not my bills been all paid?

*Den.* It was not without waiting a great while for our money.

*Ver.* It is fit such people as you should wait.

*Dub.* We have no such fear in our dealings with Mr. Gercy: he is as punctual as his respectable father. Mr. Verneuil has just regulated the price of our goods, and he told us that we might



come and receive the amount of our bills.

Ger. [*Embarrassed.*] Gentlemen, I am extremely sorry, but unfortunately at this time——

Den. Sir?

Ger. It is impossible for me to pay you.

Dub. And why, sir? Did not Mr. Verneuil this morning deliver you a bill of exchange?

Ger. He certainly did.——

Dub. Have you not yet sent it for payment?

Ger. I beg your pardon.

Dub. Has the payment then been refused?

Ger. The bill was paid upon its being presented.

Dub. In that case, what prevents your paying us.

Ver. You are very curious!

Ger. No, Mr. Versac, their questions are just; it is my duty to answer them.

and however I may be ashamed of my conduct, I will speak only the truth. Yes, gentlemen, that bill was intended for you; and I am so unfortunate as to have made the most criminal use of the whole amount.

*Den.* Is it possible that you have lost the money at the gaming-table?

*Ger.* I cannot deny that being the case. Yesterday, for the first time in my life, sitting down to play, I gained a few guineas at Pharaos, of Mr. Versac and his friends. They, this morning, asked me for their revenge: I did not intend to risk this sum, and therefore left the money in the hands of my valet: in spite of myself, I was carried away by my passion, and I lost the bill upon my word.

*Dub.* What, sir, does that signify? The preference for the payment was at any rate due to us.

*Ver.* Softly, gentlemen. If you had

ever lived in the world, you would have known, that debts of honour, such as those contracted at the gaming-table, must always be first paid:

**Den.** [*To Gercy.*] But since Mr. Versac is one of the gentlemen who have gained your money, and that he is one of your friends, cannot he wait a little and allow you now to pay us?

**Ver.** That is really a good idea. With that money I would not pay my own debts, and can you imagine that I would be so foolish as to employ it in paying his? That is a little too ridiculous.

**Dub.** Just such an answer as I expected. Even when Mr. Versac's pockets were lined with gold, were we not obliged to have recourse to his father for payment of our bills?

**Ver.** Well, why do not you also apply to Gercy's father?

**Ger.** Gentlemen, such a step would be useless. I have just written to ac-

quaint him with my folly: the letter goes off to-morrow, and I only beg of you to wait until the return of the post.

*Dub.* Why that delay? Since Mr. Verneuil has answered for you, he will pay us immediately.

*Ger.* I beg of you, gentlemen, not to apply to him! I should be too much ashamed of my being obliged to allow him to fulfil an engagement which he contracted only from a well founded confidence in my father, and which I have abused in so criminal a manner.

*Dub.* But, sir, what would you have us do? Trusting to his word, we ourselves have entered into engagements and have payments to make to-morrow.

*Ger.* Gentlemen, do you wish to drive me to despair?

*Dub.* We are very sorry; but Mr. Verneuil might blame us for not having made him acquainted with the circumstances: he might consider himself as no longer bound for the amount of our bills; or, at

least, under the supposition of our being paid, he might dispose in some other manner of the money intended for us, in case of your failing to pay us. We cannot risk losing his security; besides, we are very much in want of money, and we cannot wait.

*Ger.* Would you be so cruel? And I have in vain humbled myself to implore you!

*Ver.* Gercy, I really wonder at your patience: you are too mild; we must throw those rascals out at the window.

*Dub.* What do you say, sir? By what right do you presume to insult us?

*Ger.* Mr. Versac, you ought to consider that you are in my apartment, and that here you ought not to give offence to any body.

*Ver.* Do you then think that by being civil, you will obtain any thing from such insensible souls?

*Ger.* No, sir, I no longer ask any thing of them: they are at liberty to ex-

ercise all their rights; but neither you nor I must treat them with insolence.

*Ver.* You will gain a great deal by acting with delicacy towards a people of this description: if it had not been on your account, I should already have cropt their ears.

*Dub.* That bravado does not frighten me; but it shall not pass unpunished, for I shall immediately go and complain to your colonel.

*Ver.* Go then, and rid us of your company.

*Ger.* Well, gentlemen, what do you mean to do?

*Dub.* We have too long borne his overbearing conduct towards us: if we were insensible to such an affront as this, we should every day receive the same treatment from his comrades. They must be taught whether it be proper to treat with contumely people, whose only fault has been to give them credit. [*To*

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*Mr. Denis and Mr. Dupre.*] Gentlemen, come along with me.

*Den.* Let us go to the colonel.

*Dup.* He is a man of honour and will see justice done to us.

[*Exeunt Dubois, Denis, and Dupré.*]

SCENE V.

GERCY, and VERSAC.

*Ger.* Mr. Versac, you may now congratulate yourself: you cannot but be satisfied with your conduct. It was not sufficient to have induced me to commit a disgraceful action, but, thanks to your industry, my misfortune will now be as public as my imprudence was inexcusable.

*Ver.* Are you going to let a little noise frighten you? To hear you, people might suppose that such an incident had never occurred. Half of our comrades are daily accustomed to such scenes.

*Ger.* I did not think that in such fame I deserved to be classed with them.

*Ver.* I might, in the name of all the corps, demand satisfaction for your sarcasm: but I mean to teach you by my example, how you must keep satire at defiance.

*Ger.* No, sir, I do not wish you to bestow your lessons on me: I acknowledge myself to be undeserving of your instruction. I have already hinted that I wished to be alone: if you had been a little complaisant, you might have spared me much uneasiness.

*Ver.* You shall see that I am not wanting in complaisance. I do not wish to be troublesome; friends ought to forgive each other their fits of ill humour: good by'e, Gercy; I shall call again when your's is over.

*Ger.* You will do me a favour, by waiting until I let you know when I shall be in a humour to receive you.

[*Exit Versac, sneering and shrugging up his shoulders.*]



## SCENE VI.

GERCY, *solus*.

Go, wretch, for from this moment all familiarity between us is at an end! It is you who plunged me into this dreadful abyss. The mean coward! notwithstanding my receiving him so coolly, and with marks of contempt and even my reproaches, he still continued to make use of expressions of kindness and familiarity. I said enough to have excited in him the strongest resentment if he had been possessed of any nobleness of mind; and his answers were always in the lowest style of buffoonery. I now perceive that he was endeavouring to render me as contemptible as himself. With whom can I hereafter associate? With only profligates around me. — I loath myself, and abhor them. Before my crime, I had an honourable friend,

whom I am now obliged to shun as the most dreadful instrument of my torture. Heavens! Do I not see him coming?

*[He steps back, and hides his face in his hands.]*

SCENE VII.

MR. VERNEUIL, *and* GERCY.

*Mr. Ver.* Gercy, why do you turn from me?

*Ger.* Ah! sir, do not abase yourself to look on me; I do not deserve to appear before you. If you knew——

*Mr. Ver.* I know all; I do not come here to upbraid you with your fault: you yourself must already be sensible of its enormity. I shall blame you but for one thing, which is having allowed me to be informed of the circumstances by others, and thus showing so little confidence in your friend.

*Ger.* How could I hope that you would

still deign to interest yourself in my behalf?

*Mr. Ver.* Did I not tell you that I was entirely devoted to you? And it certainly is not in your present situation that I can forget you.

*Ger.* I beseech you not to add to my torments, by such strong marks of affection!

*Mr. Ver.* You do not yet know all I feel for you; I only wished you to put me to the proof. Having been informed of what had happened, I was expecting to see you; but as you did not come to me, here I am.

*Ger.* Generous protector!

*Mr. Ver.* I was afraid that your honour might be compromised if I waited any longer. I am come to save you the shame of appearing before your creditors.

*Ger.* It is unfortunately too late; I cannot profit of your good intentions.

*Mr. Ver.* How? Let me know——

*Ger.* They have already been here: one of my comrades was with them when they arrived; he ill-treated them: they are now gone to complain to the colonel of his behaviour; and they certainly will have informed him of my affair.

*Mr. Ver.* What do you say? [*He throws himself into an arm-chair placed at the side of the stage.*]

## SCENE VIII.

MR. VERNUIL, GERCY, and GERMAIN.

*Germ.* I have not been able to find Martial: he returned home, but did not stop a minute in the house, and his wife cannot tell where he is. But, my dear master! what has been doing here during my absence? As I crossed the square, I perceived a great number of your creditors in earnest conversation with the colonel: he went into the house of one of them, who lives at the corner,

signed some orders, and gave them to a soldier who is now at my heels.

## SCENE IX.

MR. VERNEUIL, GERCY, GERMAIN, *and*  
*a soldier.*

*Sold.* Mr. Gercy, here is an order from the colonel to put you under arrest in your own chamber. He will be here himself in an hour——

*Ger.* Oh, heavens!

*Sold.* Here are others which I am carrying to Sir Charles Neuville, to Mr. Versac, and to Mr. St. Albans.

*Mr. Ver.* That is sufficient, Mr. Gercy will obey, my friend; you may now leave us. [*Exit soldier.*

## SCENE X.

MR. VERNEUIL, GERCY, *and* GERMAIN.

*Mr. Ver.* Unfortunate Gercy!

*Ger.* Do not pity me! I am a monster unworthy of it! But, my father! O, my father! After so public an humiliation, what can you think of your son?

*Mr. Ver.* What can he think of myself? Shall I then have been entrusted with the fulfilling of his duties towards you, only to see you perish without a possibility of rescuing you! Ah, Gercy, Gercy! Why did you not immediately come and take refuge in my bosom? My arms were already open to receive you. All this disgrace might then have been avoided: thoughtless young man! How could you mistrust friendship?

*Ger.* Renounce it, since it is too baneful. You who have so elevated a mind, what can still attach you to a man, who has thus degraded himself?

*Mr. Ver.* The confidence I have that you will soon recover this effect of your error. Yes, Gercy, your remorse renders you still more dear to me.

*Ger.* Why will it not, by its violence, deliver me of a life which is become too odious for me to bear!

*Mr. Ver.* No, 'my friend; do not be discouraged! your honour itself calls upon you to live in order to atone for your imprudence. In your present state of mind, I suffer much at being obliged for one instant to leave you alone: but I must go to the colonel; for it is indispensably necessary that I should speak to him before he comes here. I will endeavour to soften his severity. Ah, Gercy, Gercy! Why has he not my heart when he calls you before his tribunal!

## FIFTH ACT.

## SCENE I.

THE COLONEL, MR. VERNEUIL, and GER-  
MAIN.

*[Germain opens the folding doors, and ushers in the Colonel and Mr. Verneuil.]*

Col. *[After looking round.]* Is not your master here?

*Germ.* I beg your pardon, colonel, he is in his closet. Alas! he is overwhelmed with grief! He had written a letter to his father, and he has just been writing another, but I believe he has begun it more than twenty times. I was standing in one corner of the room, and saw the big tears roll down his cheeks upon the paper. Never, no



never, in my life did I see such a picture of sorrow.

*Col.* Return: and tell him not to come until I call him.

*Germ.* Yes, colonel; I shall tell him to be in readiness to attend you.

[*He goes into the closet.*]

SCENE II.

COLONEL, *and* MR. VERNEUIL.

*Mr. Ver.* Colonel, you have heard Germain—may I presume once more to renew my application?

*Col.* No, Mr. Verneuil, no; this affair has made too much noise to be so easily stifled: the evil is now become too great for me to tolerate. Most of the young officers in my regiment give themselves up to the most ruinous dissipation, and at the same time neglect their exercises and all their other duties. Daily quarrels take place among them;

they contract debts, and ill treat those who remind them of their engagements. I have just received some very serious complaints; and I mean to avail myself of this opportunity to display a severity which may stop the career of the guilty, and at the same time restrain others from following improper examples.

*Mr. Ver.* Ah, colonel, do not, I beg of you, confound young Gercy with them!

*Col.* I have heard with pleasure what you have said in his justification; but from the good advice and examples he has received from his own family, he perhaps is more to be blamed than another.

*Mr. Ver.* But his fault, you know, did not proceed from a want of honour: it must be attributed to his inexperience and the impetuosity of youth.

*Col.* For that reason he must have a more severe lesson in order to make a lasting impression.

*Mr. Ver.* Let me beg of you to spare his feelings as much as possible ! Call to your remembrance the esteem and friendship you always professed for his father.

*Col.* Those are sentiments which I shall ever cherish. Gercy himself highly interests me, and I think I give him a sufficient proof of my esteem by coming to him, when I might have ordered him to appear at my house. I wished to avoid making the affair more public than was necessary, and not to bring witnesses to his shame: after this conduct, however, I owe to my justice the full exercise of its rigour.

*Mr. Ver.* If, like me, you had been witness of the effects of his repentance.—

*Col.* Whatever they may be. it is necessary that their traces should be more deeply engraven in his heart. But here are his culpable seducers whom I have ordered to appear in this place: I shall first begin with them.

[*Sir Charles Neuville, Versac, and Saint Albans appear in the anti-chamber. The colonel makes a sign to them to advance.*]

## SCENE III.

COLONEL, MR. VERNEUIL, SIR CHARLES  
NEUVILLE, SAINT ALBANS, *and* VERSAC.

*Col.* Sir Charles Neuville, does your conscience not accuse you of any thing which ought to make you blush on appearing in my presence?

*Sir Charles.* My conscience accuse me, colonel?

*Col.* Yes, you yourself, sir. And since you seem to be ignorant of the cause, I shall explain it to you. An officer, who was entrusted by his superiors with money for the purpose of raising recruits on the frontiers, very lately passed through this city; you laid wait for him, and engaged him in play, to which he fell a

victim. Do you think it laudable to drag one of your comrades into dishonour, by allowing him to violate a deposit placed in his hands?

*Sir Char.* But, colonel, I did not force him to be of that party: he wished the amusement, as much as I did myself.

*Col.* I have been better informed, sir; but what matters that to me? If his seduction was not your work, ought you to have played with the man who dishonoured himself by sitting down to a card-table?

[*Turning towards Saint Albans and Versac.*]

As for you, gentlemen, I will not ask you what were your motives for endeavouring to make Mr. Gercy lose his taste for study, and his desire to fulfil his duties: it as ill suits me to be acquainted with them, as it does you to inform me. I shall only ask, how it comes about that he lost so large a sum in your company?

*Ver.* It must have been the caprice of fortune, colonel, for the chances were equal on both sides.

*Col.* No, no, gentlemen, permit me to say that they were not. You have long been accustomed to play; it was Mr. Gercy's first attempt: you are acquainted with every finesse of the game; he has the good luck to be unacquainted with them. You played coolly; he could not play without being heated: the game was therefore in your favour, and you availed yourself of your advantages. How can you excuse yourselves?

St. Alb. [*Much embarrassed.*] Colonel——

*Col.* That silence condemns you; I only waited for it in order to pronounce; but, in the first place, I ought to tell you, gentlemen, how strange it appears to me, that with the small allowance which you receive from your respective families, you should be able to maintain so splendid an establishment. Whence

these elegant carriages, these horses, these jewels, these rich clothes? What are your means for supporting such extravagance? You depend on the resource of gambling. But if this resource be not infallible, and I believe it is not, how can you, on such false hopes, compromise not only your own honour, but the security of those with whom you have entered into engagements? I have endeavoured as much as was in my power, by advice and remonstrance, to establish order and discipline in the corps which I have the honour to command: these means have been attended with no effect. I shall, therefore, employ others which may prove more efficacious: it is an example I owe to the chiefs of the other corps, and which you will serve to establish. Gentlemen, you may now return to your chambers, where you must remain agreeably to my orders. I beg you will strictly observe the arrest, until the minister, to whom

I have just sent an account of your conduct, shall have pronounced with regard to your fate.

*[Versac is going out with Sir Charles Neuville and Mr. Saint Albans. The colonel stops him.]*

## SCENE IV.

COLONEL, MR. VERNEUIL, *and* VERSAC.

*Ver.* Do you wish any thing further of me, colonel?

*Col.* I wish you to witness a duty which I am going to fulfil for you.

*Ver.* For me, colonel?

*[Denis, Dubois, and Dupre appear at the door.]*

## SCENE V.

COLONEL, MR. VERNEUIL, VERSAC, DENIS,  
DUPRE, *and* DUBOIS.

*Col.* Walk in, gentlemen. You have been insulted by Mr. Versac; you have



demanding satisfaction for that outrage; it is due to you. [*He takes off his hat.*] I ask your pardon, and I beg you will accept of my apology.

*Dub.* Oh, sir! we did not wish to receive any from you.

*Col.* I wished to make it as public as possible. [*To Versac.*] After this example, sir, you must be sensible that for the future I shall not allow an honest citizen to be insulted with impunity. I beg of you to keep this lesson in your mind, and to have the goodness to acquaint your comrades with what has just passed. You may now go, I have nothing further to say.

[*Exit Versac much confused.*]

## SCENE VI.

COLONEL, MR. VERNEUIL, DUPRE, DUBOIS,  
and DENIS.

*Mr. Ver.* Ah, colonel! Let me conjure you for the last time, after these

severe acts of justice, to allow your rigour to be softened.

*Col.* I know very well, sir, what my duty imposes on me to perform. Go, I beg of you, and bring hither your young friend.

*[Mr. Verneuil goes into the closet.]*

#### SCENE VII.

COLONEL, DUBOIS, DENIS, *and* DUPRÉ.

*Col.* Gentlemen, I had begged of you to bring your bills.

*Dub.* We have brought them, colonel.

*Col.* Will you have the goodness to trust them in my hands for a few minutes? *[They give their bills.]*

## SCENE VIII.

COLONEL, MR. VERNEUIL, GERCY, *and*  
GERMAIN.

[*Gercy, led by Mr. Verneuil, advances slowly. He appears stung with shame, and overwhelmed with grief.*]

Col. Gercy, advance. Germain, wait in the anti-chamber; and do not let any one interrupt us.

[*Exit Germain.*]

## SCENE IX.

COLONEL, MR. VERNEUIL, GERCY, DUBOIS,  
DUPRE, *and* DENIS.

Col. Here, sir, are some bills, which have been presented to you this morning. You have received the sum necessary for the payment of them: why are they not acquitted?

*Ger.* Colonel, you already know the reason, what else would you have me say ?

*Col.* I should wish to learn from yourself if you think that any thing can justify you. Have you not some part of your fault to throw on others ?

*Ger.* No, colonel, I alone am in fault ; I accuse no one else.

*Col.* I have, however, been told that you were drawn into those parties by insidious solicitations, your honour having artfully been called in question.

*Ger.* I alone ought to have judged whether my honour would have been compromised. Having been carried away by my impetuosity, I became criminal. Load me with your just reproaches, and may they make me feel more forcibly than my own remorse, the enormity of my crime, in order that I may conceive a greater horror of the deed.

*Col.* But, sir, if your father should be informed of this affair ?

*Ger.* He must certainly be informed of all, and it is from myself that he will receive the details. Here is the letter in which the business is mentioned : deign to receive it, colonel, and add what you shall judge necessary ; you will see that I have not disguised my fault. In imploring his aid, I do not wish that he should either diminish his own fortune, or take any part of that intended for my sisters. I beg him to consider the sum as so much advance on the annuity he has been pleased to grant me for my wants and pleasures. Two or three years of privation will be nothing for me : to expiate my crime, I should not even regret the loss of my life.

*Dub.* We beg, colonel, you will give us back our bills ; we would not afflict Mr. Gercy.

*Mr. Ver.* What do you say, gentlemen ? Have you forgotten that it was I who answered for these engagements, and that I mean to satisfy them ?

*[The door of the anti-chamber suddenly opens; Martial, having escaped from Germain, who was stopping him, rushes in.]*

## SCENE X.

COLONEL, MR. VERNEUIL, GERCY, MARTIAL,  
GERMAIN, DUPRE, DUBOIS, *and* DENIS.

*Mart.* No, captain, that right is not your's, it belongs to me alone.

*Col.* Can I believe my eyes? Martial, my friend, what do you want?

*Mart.* What do I want? Colonel, I throw myself at your feet; I implore your justice.

*Col.* Speak; but first get up.

*Mart.* No, no, here will I stay. If you have ever been satisfied with my services, it is now that I ask my reward.

*Col.* Well, let us hear.

*Mart.* I was the first informed of the misfortune of young Mr. Gercy. I am

already too much to be pitied in not having been able to prevent this affair coming to your knowledge and to that of Mr. Verneuil. Do not, I beseech you, drive me to despair !

*Col.* What do you mean ?

*Mart.* You all know how much I owe to his worthy father. I will not be considered ungrateful ; no, I will not be ungrateful !

• [*He rises and turns towards Mr. Verneuil.*]

Mr. Verneuil ! I know that Mr. Gercy was your best friend ; but he is more than a friend to me, he is my benefactor. You have a thousand times had an opportunity of testifying to him your friendship. I have never until this moment had it in my power to prove my gratitude. Do not seek to deprive me of this pleasure.

*Mr. Ver.* Martial, do you think what you are saying ?

*Mart.* Do I think ? [*To Dubois.*] Here, sir, here is the money. I have succeeded

in procuring the sum necessary to satisfy your demands. Take it, I conjure you, take it. This gold belongs to Mr. Gercy; it is the fruit of his bounties, and it is from him that I present it to you.

*Dub.* No, no, we certainly will not take it.

*Mart.* Why will you refuse me?

*Col.* Well, Gercy, you see what the remembrance of your father's virtues can inspire? However culpable you may be, such a recollection sheds its influence over you. Your creditors forget even their claims upon you. Two compassionate and virtuous men dispute the pleasure of obliging you. Even myself, who came hither with the intention of judging you rigorously, could not help feeling, at your aspect, the most tender indulgence. If what has just passed do not render you worthy of your ancestors, I shall look upon you as the vilest of the human race.

*Ger.* Do not doubt it, sir; this lesson will ever be present to my memory.



*Mart.* Yes, colonel, I will answer for him, on the word of an old warrior. But let me beg of you not to defer granting my request. Remember, although I was but a private soldier, my duty raises me, at this moment, above my situation.

*Col.* Hear me, Martial; on any other occasion I should not blush in the name of Mr. Gercy to receive your generous offers. Beneficence and gratitude render all men equal in my eyes. But in this affair, a formal engagement has been entered into by another person; and you must be sensible that it would be an injustice to deprive him of his rights.

[*Turning to Dubois, Dupre and Denis.*]

Gentlemen, I put your bills into Mr. Verneuil's hands. He will take care to satisfy you. You may now retire.

[*Exeunt Dubois, Denis, and Dupre.*]

## SCENE XI.

COLONEL, MR. VERNEUIL, GERCY, MARTIAL,  
and GERMAIN.

*Mart.* I must submit; but you have deprived me of the greatest pleasure of my life.

*Ger.* No, my dear Martial, you have not lost it. My father shall be informed of the great sacrifice you were making for him. You had only his friendship; I now give you mine for life.

*Mr. Ver.* [*Giving his hand to Martial.*] What can I offer you in compensation for the pleasure of which I have robbed you! I can think of only one recompense. Henceforth consider me among the number of your best friends.

*Mart.* Excuse me, colonel; but you see I have only you to win.

*Col.* [*Smiling.*] I understand you, Martial; you have just made me ac-

quainted with the value of the sentiments of an honest man, like you. It is I who ask your friendship. And in return, I will take the charge of the education and fortunes of your children; I shall have but one wish to form—may they resemble you!

Mart. [*Takes his hand and kisses it.*]  
Colonel! not a moment ago you rent my heart with despair, and now you almost kill me with joy.

Col. Mr. Gercy, after such memorable events, I have nothing more to say. What language could so forcibly strike you? You have just been convinced by experience that it is not enough to possess good qualities and elevated sentiments; that these advantages are even dangerous without firmness of mind, and principles not to be shaken. Enjoy the pleasure of having well-tried friends; endeavour to deserve their esteem; above all things, cultivate your ardor for study. The time is past when officers might be unin-

structed; now that science is become familiar to all other classes of society, they ought to blush at the ignorance of their predecessors. It is of importance on account of the consideration which they ought to enjoy in the world, that they be no longer looked upon as blind instruments of slaughter; but as well informed members of society, who are ever ready to dedicate their talents to the welfare of the state in time of peace, and to shed their blood in defence of their country in time of war.

*[Exeunt omnes.]*



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# TALES.



## PREJUDICES OF BIRTH,

*A great Obstacle to a good Education.*

COSROES, king of Persia, had a minister with whose services he was highly satisfied, and by whom he thought himself beloved. One day that minister appeared before his sovereign, and requested permission to retire. Cosroes asked him, why he wished to quit his service; "I have," said he, "heaped upon you riches; my slaves make no difference between my orders and yours; I have always considered you as my bosom friend: do not, I pray you, leave me."

Mitrane, (which was the minister's name) answered: "I have served you with zeal, and I have received the most

liberal reward ; but nature now imposes upon me sacred duties : I have a son who has no other friend to teach him one day to serve you as I have done." "I grant you permission to retire," answered Cosroes, "but upon one condition. Among the estimable men whom you have introduced to me, no one deserves so well as you to be entrusted with the education of a young prince : crown your career by the greatest service which it is possible for a man to render to his fellow creatures : may they be indebted to you for a good master. I well know the corruption of the court ; a young prince must avoid the infection : take my son with you to retirement, and bring him up with yours in the ways of virtue."

Mitrane then departed with the two young men, and, after a lapse of five or six years, he returned with them to the court of Cosroes, who was rejoiced at again beholding his son ; but he did not

find that he equalled in merit the son of his former minister. He complained to Mitrane, who made him this answer : “ O king ! my son has made a better use than yours of the lessons which I have given to both. My attention was equally divided between them, but my son knew that he should stand in need of mankind ; whilst I could not hide from yours, that mankind should be dependant upon him.”





## THE LAW-SUIT.

NICHOLAS and STEPHEN inherited at their father's death an estate, which, although not very large, was sufficient, with a little industry, to enable them to support their families in a certain degree of affluence. They wanted little to complete their happiness, for neither of them was ambitious. Alas ! why did they not preserve for each other the sentiments which nature, when she gave them birth, intended to reign between brothers. In the property devolved to them, was a very beautiful garden : their father had spent his life in cultivating and planting it with the choicest trees ; these every year yielded a great abundance of all sorts of fruit, the excellent quality of which procured it a ready sale : each brother insisted on the garden being comprised in his portion, and neither would

give it up. This reciprocal obstinacy planted in their hearts the first seeds of hatred, so that, at last, when they met they always quarrelled. "You are a good for-nothing fellow," once said Stephen to Nicholas, "and you do not deserve such an excellent piece of ground." Nicholas, stung with indignation, answered his brother by calling him lazy, and telling him that by his drunkenness he had occasioned the greatest grief to his father. "What," said he, "would become of these trees in the hands of a drunkard? In less than three years they would produce nothing but leaves."

The curate of the village was informed of their dispute; he went to them and said : "What is the matter, my friends? How happens it that you cannot agree? Must this garden, instead of uniting you, be the cause of your disunion? Why do you not cultivate it between you, and divide the produce?"

“That is not my intention,” answered Stephen; “I mean to have it all to myself.”—“It shall be my property,” replied Nicholas.

“Well,” said the curate, “let the more reasonable of the two yield to the other, on condition of receiving its equivalent from the other part of his property.”

“I am content,” said both at the same time, “let my brother then abandon his claim upon it.”—“I have the better right,” said the elder. “And why so?” said the younger—“Oh! you shall yield it to me, I am determined.”—“You shall not have it; I would rather resign to you my life.”

“Since you are so obstinate,” said the curate, “and cannot agree, decide the matter by lot.”

“I shall not run the chance,” said Stephen. “Nor I neither,” said Nicholas.

At last the curate proposed to sell the garden, and to divide the amount; but

this proposal was likewise rejected on both sides.

“I see,” said the worthy pastor, “that nothing can conquer your obstinacy; but you will soon feel how many evils spring from hatred between brothers, who are formed by nature to cherish one another.”

The two brothers troubled themselves little with this prophecy: each chose the lawyer whom he thought the most fertile in expedients to support his pretensions. Thus was a law suit begun, which appeared easy in its issue, but which, from the various quibbles of the pleaders, lasted two years. If the one got an estimation of the garden made, the other did not fail to call it in question. A new succession of judges, and new statements of arbitrators took place every month.

The cultivation of the garden, it may be imagined, was all this time much neglected: where the one wished to plant an apple-tree, the other would have a

hazle. The discord which had taken possession of their minds, also influenced their daily occupations. The trees, which were formerly so fruitful, scarcely yielded the half of their ordinary produce; and this little, instead of assisting their families, was destined to feed the rapacity of lawyers.

Both the brothers had beautiful wives and numerous children, who might have crowned their happiness, if they had not been tormented by the most restless passions.

Their wives came sometimes to embrace them, and each said: "My dear husband, why are you so dejected? We have all that our hearts can desire; you are in good health: I also am well: our little family are dutiful in their conduct. As for our lands, they are good; and you know, my dear, it will be your fault if you are not soon enriched by cultivating them. Why will you not be happy?" The husband replied, "How can

I be happy while I have so unworthy a brother? His stubbornness will be the cause of my death."

When they returned from work, and saw their children coming to meet them, they would abruptly ask what they wanted, and add: "Begone, I am not in a humour to be gay." And if the poor children endeavoured to soften them by their innocent caresses, they rudely repulsed them, and sometimes did not spare even blows.

At table, they could relish nothing, because their hearts were filled with gall, and at night it was impossible for them to sleep, because they thought only of injuring one another.

But this was not all: each strove to surpass the other in saying the most bitter things of his brother. When Nicholas was with other peasants, he endeavoured to persuade them that Stephen was a worthless fellow, who sought only to be at law with his neighbours; and

as Stephen, on his side, was not backward in making use of the same language with regard to Nicholas, the neighbours at last believed them both. Every one shunned them as dangerous people; and every one of their acquaintances wished them at the Antipodes, in order to get rid of them.

After two years of quarrelling and anxiety, the judges at last decided that the garden should be sold, and that the money should remain in their hands to defray the expences of the law-suit.

I will leave you to imagine what must have been the feelings of the two litigious brothers upon hearing the sentence: they looked at one another for some time without being able to utter a single word; so great was their astonishment.

“ Ah,” exclaimed Nicholas, “ we have well deserved it! we might easily have avoided this misfortune; it depended upon ourselves to preserve both our gar-

den and our money. Instead of all the vexations which we have caused to each other, we should have been happy; we should have been the consolation of our families at home, we should have been both esteemed by our friends, and respected by our neighbours."

"We have lost all this by our own folly," added Stephen. "Ah, if our time were to come over again!"

"May we, at least, be more wise for the future," said Nicholas; "come, let us shake hands and forget our enmity."

"With all my heart," answered Stephen, falling on his neck. They cordially embraced each other, shed tears over their past follies, and ever after were friends.

They soon found the advantage of living in harmony together; but they felt for a considerable time the consequences of their ancient animosity. They beheld their garden flourish in the hands of strangers, while their own grounds



were with difficulty recovered from the situation to which they had been reduced by negligence; but confidence and friendship, although by slow degrees, returned. The avidity of the lawyers had impoverished them; fatigue and anxiety had impaired their health; their children had no longer the gaiety which is natural to their age. And as for their afflicted wives, their endeavours were vain; they could not readily bring themselves to show towards their husbands the same kindness as formerly.



THE LIFE OF MAN IS A DAY'S  
JOURNEY.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

OBIDAH, son of Abesina, setting out on his travels, began by undertaking a journey to Indostan.

He enjoyed the most ruddy health; he was animated by hope and desire, and his course was never interrupted, except now and then, to listen to the warbling of birds, to breathe the soft and sweet perfume of the zephyrs, or to quench his thirst at some crystal stream:—sometimes his attention would be attracted by the sturdy oak, that “monarch of the woods,” and at others his senses were flattered by the agreeable odour of the primrose, the eldest daughter of spring: all was pleasure; every care was banished from his bosom.

He continued his course until the sun had reached the meridian; when, being overcome by the increasing heat, he looked round in search of a path, in which he might be sheltered from the burning rays. To the right he discovered a thicket, the tempting foliage of which seemed to invite his approach. He entered; the freshness and beauty of its verdure were charms which he could not resist. He did not, however, forget that he had undertaken a journey; but perceiving a narrow path bordered with flowers, which seemed to follow the same direction of the high road, he was soon decided, by taking it, to join pleasure to labour, and thus to obtain the advantages of speed without being overcome with fatigue. He therefore continued his way for some time with an ardour which did not slacken. except when he was for a moment detained by the sweet melody of the thrush, that, like him, had sought for shelter from the heat of

the day ; or when he amused himself in gathering flowers which were abundant under his feet on one side, or fruit which hung equally plentiful from the branches of the trees on the other. At last the narrow path-way beginning to deviate from the high road, and, as it were, to ramble among the trees and bushes, which were refreshed by the fountains and cascades, Obidah stopped for an instant to look round him. He began to consider whether he ran no risk of losing the high-road ; but recollecting that the heat of the day was yet excessive, he resolved not to leave the foot-path, imagining that he would not have been obliged to make a long circuit to recover his way. He redoubled his speed that he might make up for the windings of the road ; the kind of uneasiness which he experienced caused him to stop, and examine every object which appeared before him, and to taste all the various pleasures which drew his attention. He

called aloud, and his voice was repeated by the echoes; he climbed high trees, and enjoyed the most beautiful prospects; he considered the cascades; he amused himself in forming canals between the rivulets which meandered among the trees: he went over an immense tract of ground, and thus flew the minutes and hours without his being aware of the time. At last he stopped; the day was on its decline and a sudden tempest arose. The danger with which he was encompassed, made him sensible *that man frequently flies from real happiness, when he gratifies the sensual pleasures of the moment.* He repented having left the high-road, to pursue the path in the thicket. The firmament blackened apace, and a sudden peal of thunder roused him from his revery.

He resolved to quit the thicket, and, if possible, to find the high-road. Having first prostrated himself before the author of all things, and implored his aid, he

advanced, drew his sword in order to defend himself against the wild beasts of the desert, which being frightened by the storm might have taken refuge in the forest, and proceeded with confidence. He was in all the horror of darkness and solitude, and on every side he heard the howlings of rage and the moanings of terror; the impetuous winds whistled through the trees, and the torrents fell from the surrounding precipices with the most dreadful noise; he now groped in the dark, and advanced with a cautious step; but being at last overcome with fatigue, he was on the point of yielding to his wretched fate, when he perceived a light, which he followed until he reached a lonely cot, the only inhabitant of which was a venerable hermit who gave him a kindly welcome, and shared with him his frugal fare. After he had sufficiently refreshed himself, the hermit asked him, how he had reached that sequestered

spot: "I have now," said he, "been thirty years an inhabitant of this mansion without having received a single visit." Obidah recounted without disguise what had happened to him.

"My son," said the hermit, "never forget the danger into which your imprudence has this day led you. Remember also, that *the life of man is a day's journey*. In the morning of youth we rise full of vigour, we are excited by hope to labour, and we walk with a firm step in the paths of wisdom. In a little time our zeal slackens; we endeavour to lighten our duties and to reach the summit of our desires by the most agreeable path-ways. The horror of guilt with which we set out begins to weaken, and we venture to draw near to that which we had resolved for ever to shun. Our hearts soften by degrees, and we cease to be on our guard. We cast our eyes on the gardens of pleasure; we approach them with caution; but we at last enter

them although in trembling, and always with the hopes of passing through them without losing sight of the paths of virtue, which we leave for an instant to our right with the intention of returning to them. But one temptation follows another, one condescension makes way for a second; we very soon forget the taste of the happiness attached to innocence, and we relieve our anxieties by giving ourselves up to pleasure. Thus we insensibly lose the remembrance of our first resolutions, and forget that we are reasonable beings. We throw ourselves into the tumult of business, and rush headlong into sensual pleasures; our inconstancy leads us from object to object, until the clouds of old age arrive, and weariness, uneasiness, and anxiety seize hold of us. It is then that we are brought to reflection: we look back on our past lives, and the retrospect occasions us grief, repentance and horror; we regret, and often in vain, having left



the ways of virtue. Happy they, my son, who shall learn by your example never to despair; and remember, that although the day be over and that their strength fail, they ought to make another effort; that to reform is not impossible; that people may return from their errors; and that he who implores the help of Heaven, may triumph over difficulties which at first appear to be insurmountable. Go, my son, and take some repose. Put yourself under the protection of him who governs all things. Tomorrow continue your journey, and experience will teach you to be more wise in future.

## TRUE GENEROSITY.

THE caliph Almanzor was surprised by a troop of rebels, and was near perishing under their blows, when one Mahan, an Arabian, formerly one of the principal chiefs in the enemy's army, and therefore obliged to hide himself in order to avoid the caliph's resentment, seeing the prince in such imminent danger, rushed from his place of retreat, fell with a few servants upon the factious band, and so vigorously dealt his blows as to force them to a speedy flight. By this means he saved the monarch from what appeared to be inevitable death. Mahan's generosity was then of so uncommon a nature among the Arabs as to be held up to this day as a proverb. His conduct procured him the good graces of the caliph, who, as the first mark of his favour, begged him to relate his adventures.

“ Prince,” replied Mahan, “ my life, ever since the elevation of your family, has been that of a fugitive, who, in order to avoid the sword of vengeance which was hanging over his head, sequestered himself from society. I remained long concealed in the house of one of my friends at Basrah ; but not thinking myself in safety in that city, I one night left it in disguise, and took the road to the desert. Having shunned all the guards, I thought I was no longer in any danger of being recognized, when all of a sudden, an ill-looking man seized hold of the bridle of my camel, and asked whether I was not the person for whom the caliph had ordered search every where to be made; observing, at the same time, that by the discovery of the proscribed person, the informer would be enriched.—“ No,” answered I.—“ What! you are not Mahan?”—I was disconcerted. I presented to him one of my jewels: “ Accept,” said I to him,

“ this trifling recompense for the service you will render me in favouring my escape by your silence: if I see happier days I shall share with you my good fortune.” That man, after having examined the jewel, said,—“ I have a question to ask, which I beg you will answer with sincerity. Did you never in your life give at one time all you possessed? for I know that you pass for being very liberal.”—“ No.”—“ Did you never give the half?”—“ No.”—In fine, lowering by degrees, to the third, to the quarter, and at last to the tenth, shame made me acknowledge that I might have given away the tenth.—“ Well,” replied he, “ in order that you may know that people yet more liberal than you exist, I, who am but a private in the infantry, with the pay of only two crowns a month, give you this jewel, the value of which is more than a thousand pieces of gold.”—Upon saying these words, he threw me the jewel, and disappeared. Being

surprised at so heroic an action, I flew after him, and begged him to return. "I would rather be discovered," cried I, "and lose my life, than be vanquished by so much generosity. You are a noble fellow! I shall either follow you, or you shall accept the tribute of my gratitude." At hearing these words he returned, clasped me round the neck, and said:—"Would you have me pass for a highway-man? I will not accept your present, for I should never be able to make a proper return." — We then separated.

Almanzor was so captivated with this recital, that he ordered search to be made throughout his empire for the generous soldier, in order to reward his virtue. But every endeavour to find him proved vain, and although that noble action was published in all the Mahomedan provinces, the magnanimous man did not condescend to discover himself.

THE  
FORTUNATE ACQUISITION.

CARDINAL D'AMBOISE had built a magnificent country-seat. As the estate was too confined, and completely surrounded with other people's grounds, one of the gentlemen belonging to the household of his eminence endeavoured to ingratiate himself with his master, by persuading one of his friends to sell an estate to which a title was attached, but which was one of those that most ran into the dependencies of the cardinal's property. The nobleman was invited to dinner; after the table was removed, the cardinal took him into his closet and asked him why he wished to sell his estate. "Your eminence," answered the nobleman, "it is in order to have the pleasure of accommodating you with a property which is so convenient for you."

“Do not part with your estate,” replied the cardinal; “it is the inheritance of your forefathers; it is the first title of an illustrious name, which they transmitted to you, and which you ought to preserve for your descendants. Besides, I prefer a neighbour like you to all the conveniencies of my seat.” “Your eminence,” replied the nobleman, “I am very much attached to my estate, and what you have been pleased to remark renders it infinitely more valuable in my eyes; but I have a daughter to whom a nobleman in the neighbourhood has offered his hand; his name, fortune and character are unexceptionable, but he requires with my daughter a portion which it is absolutely impossible for me to procure. I have reflected, that by selling my estate I might both make my daughter happy and have a sum remaining, to place advantageously for myself.” “Your object is not unreasonable,” said the cardinal; “but can no means be found to

marry your daughter, and at the same time preserve your estate? Could you not, for instance, borrow from some of your friends the sum of which you stand in need, without interest, to be reimbursed at distant periods, deduct every year a part from your usual expences, and thus clear yourself without your scarcely perceiving it?" "Alas! your eminence," exclaimed the nobleman, "where are friends now to be found who will lend money without interest, to be reimbursed at distant periods?" "Have a better opinion of your friends," replied the cardinal, in giving him his hand; "reckon me among the number, and accept the sum for which you have occasion, upon the conditions which I have just stated." The nobleman fell at the feet of his benefactor, and could answer such noble conduct only by tears; the cardinal on his side, never appeared so pleased as when, instead of an estate, he acquired a friend.



## FILIAL AFFECTION PUT TO THE TEST.

A RICH merchant of Babylon, after having provided a husband for his daughter, and given her a suitable portion, died in India, leaving the remainder of his immense riches equally divided between his two sons. The sum, however, of thirty thousand pieces of gold was reserved as a present for the one who should, after the father's death, shew the greatest filial affection. The elder brother erected to him a magnificent monument, and the younger employed part of his inheritance to add to his sister's portion. Every body said: the elder loved his father; the younger is more partial to his sister. The thirty thousand pieces of gold belong to the elder. The judge called them separately before him, and said to the elder: "Your

father is not dead ; he has recovered from his last illness, and is on his return to Babylon." " God be praised !" answered the young man, " but this monument has cost me a great deal of money." The judge afterwards spoke in the same manner to the younger brother,—“ Thank God !” answered he, “ I shall restore to my father all I possess, but I should be glad that he allowed my sister to keep that which I have given her.” “ You shall not be obliged to restore any thing,” replied the judge, “ and you shall besides receive the thirty thousand pieces of gold. You loved your father better than your brother did.”



## FLATTERERS CONFOUNDED.

ALONZOR, a prince endowed with all the sentiments of a virtuous man, examining the equestrian statue of one of his ancestors, and observing upon the pedestal of that statue, figures in bronze, representing a cat, a turtle-dove, and a bird in a golden cage with a crown on his head, the whole encircled with gothic characters, he assembled his council to explain the inscription. Scarcely had he heard the first words uttered than he perceived that his courtiers wished to deceive him by the most flattering and far-fetched allusions. He commanded silence, and ordered a celebrated philosopher to be called, that he might have his opinion. That philosopher, who had long been retired to his cell, lived far from the corruption of the court and the noise of cities. His principal occu-

pation was the study of astronomy, music and flowers. He sang hymns to the glory of the Supreme Being; he admired him upon contemplating the vast circumference of that luminous globe which vivifies all things; he paid his adorations to the creator, in carrying to the foot of his altars nosegays consisting of pinks, tulips and goldylocks. He was interrupted in the happiness which he enjoyed; he received orders from the sovereign, and he obeyed. "Sire," said he, "this is what I conceive to be the explanation of the gothic inscription: the cat is the emblem of pliant and dangerous courtiers, by whom emperors are surrounded; the turtle-dove is the image of the fidelity of subjects; the crowned bird in the golden cage, represents the slavery of the prince in the midst of riches and loyalty."—Upon hearing these words, the courtiers expected to be punished in an exemplary manner; but the king, who liked to hear the truth

and who was naturally mild, pardoned all those who had deceived him, and liberally rewarded the philosopher, who employed the king's bounties in relieving the poor and helpless.

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### THE ADVANTAGES OF LABOUR,

At the foot of the Aubukabis mountain, which raises its lofty head to the eastward of Mecca, dwelt a holy hermit whose name was Omar. One day, at the rising of the sun, he observed a man pensively seated at a few paces from his cell. He considered him for some time with attention, and perceived that his eyes were sunk and hollow, his body weak and ghastly. This man seemed likewise attentively to examine the hermit; when of a sudden, starting, as from

a dream, a crimson blush overspread his face, and he immediately prostrated himself on the ground. "Son of affliction," said Omar, "who are you? What is the cause of your grief?" "My name," answered the stranger, "is Hassan, I was born in this city. The angel of adversity has stretched his hand over me, and it is not in your power to deliver me from the ill which excites your generous compassion." "Your deliverance no doubt is only in the hands of him from whom we ought to receive, with humility, both good and evil. Nevertheless, do not, I pray you, hide from me the sources of your grief, for although I may not be able wholly to relieve you of the burden which oppresses you, I may have it in my power to help you, to support the weight." Hassan, with down-cast eyes, remained for some time silent. At last, heaving a deep sigh, he raised his eyes on Omar, and thus answered.

“It is now about six years since our powerful lord, the caliph Almalick, whose memory be for ever blessed! came to the temple of the holy city to adore God in secret. After having performed his first acts of devotion, he remained some days in the city, comforting the afflicted, and curbing the oppressor. The widow, secure under his protection, slept in peace. Infancy and old age leaned upon his generous bounty and walked fearless. I, who dreaded nothing but sickness, and who coveted nothing beyond the wages of my daily labour, was employed at my usual avocations, and gaily singing my matins songs, when Almalick entered my dwelling. He looked round on all sides with a smile of satisfaction, for he saw that every thing was simple, but neat; and that I was content with my lot. As he was dressed like a pilgrim, I was eager to shew him every attention that could be expected from the most unreserved hospitality;

and my gaiety was rather increased than restrained in his presence. After he had refreshed himself, he asked me several questions; and although by my answers I endeavoured to excite gaiety, I observed that he became pensive, and that he appeared to examine me with the greatest attention. I supposed that he had a confused idea of having formerly seen me, and that he was endeavouring to recollect my features: I therefore asked him his name, and his country. "Hassan," answered he, "I have excited your curiosity, and that curiosity shall be satisfied: he who is now speaking to you is Almalick, the friend of the just, whose dwelling is the throne of Medina, and whose mission is from heaven." These words struck me with astonishment, although I entertained some doubt of their truth. But Almalick, throwing aside his cloak, discovered the imperial insignia, and put on his finger the royal ring. I then kneeled before him, and was about to prostrate



myself on the ground, when he prevented me. "Hassan," said he, "stop, you are greater than I am, for I have received from you lessons of wisdom." Do not, answered I, mock your servant, who is nothing more than a worm in the presence of him who holds life and death in his hands. Happiness and misery are the children of your will. "Hassan," replied he, "I can no further dispose of life and happiness than by abstaining from snatching them from those who are in possession of them, and you already possess that happiness which I can neither give nor obtain. My power over others fills my bosom with anxiety; I can repress fraud and violence, satisfy the all-devouring desires of avarice and ambition; but, as to what concerns virtue, I have no influence. If I had any I should reward it in you. You live content, without ambition and without avarice: to raise you, would be to destroy the simplicity of your life, and diminish you

happiness which I can neither increase nor preserve." He rose, and recommending me secrecy, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment into which the visit of the caliph had plunged me, I began to regret that my conduct had rendered his generosity vain, and I accused my gaiety as being the cause of my remaining in poverty, and of my being still obliged to work. I reflected on the obscurity of my situation, in which a culpable indifference for riches allowed me to languish. I neglected my usual occupations, because I despised the profit I reaped from them. I spent the day in idleness, forming chimerical projects for recovering the good I had lost, and the night, instead of enjoying a quiet and refreshing sleep, from which I used formerly to rise with additional strength and gaiety, I now dreamed only of rich clothes, sumptuous equipages, gardens and palaces; and I awaked

only to regret the illusions which all vanished as soon as I shook off my slumbers. At length the uneasiness of my mind impaired my health; in order to procure subsistence I sold my furniture, with the exception of a matress, upon which I frequently lay extended in the interval between the two setting suns.

In the first moon of the following year, the caliph returned to Mecca with the same secrecy, and with the same views. He was desirous of again seeing that man who appeared to suffice for his own happiness; but I no longer delighted him by my songs and cheerful labour, nor did he find me full of vigour and content. I was, on the contrary, pale, emaciated, seated on the ground, and taking large doses of opium in order to substitute to the realities of grandeur, the phantoms of a disordered imagination. He entered with the air of joyful impatience; but scarcely did he cast his eyes upon me, than he was struck with surprise and

pity. Although I had long been wishing for another opportunity of speaking to the caliph, I was confused in his presence; and throwing myself at his feet, I put my hands on my head, without being able to utter a single word. "Hassan," said he to me, "what can you have lost? Your riches consisted in the labour of your hands. What can have rendered you thus sorrowful, since your joy sprung from your own heart? What misfortune can have befallen you? Speak, and if I can relieve you, you shall again become happy." I was encouraged by these words to answer him as follows: "Will my master pardon the boldness of his slave, who had rather remain dumb all his life than disguise from him the truth? I have become unhappy by the loss of that which I never possessed: you have raised in me desires which I do not deserve that you should satisfy. But why did you imagine that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would

not be more so in the midst of dignities and opulence?" When I had done speaking, Almalick remained some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. "Hassan," said he, "I perceive, not with indignation, but with regret, that I was mistaken in your disposition. I now find that ambition and avarice laid dormant in your heart only because their object was at too great a distance to awake them. I cannot invest you with any authority, because I will not have my people oppressed, and I should be sorry to be obliged to punish you for crimes which I should have been the cause of your committing. But since I have deprived you of what is not in my power to restore, I shall, at any rate, satisfy part of the desires which I have awakened in your breast, in order that you may not in your heart accuse me of injustice, and that your life may not continue to be insupportable to you. Rise, therefore, and follow me." I rose from

my kneeling situation, as if I had had the wings of an eagle. I kissed the skirts of his garment in an extacy of gratitude and joy; and, upon my leaving my humble dwelling, my heart beat as if I had been leaving a den of lions. I followed Alma-lick to the caravansary at which he put up; and after he had fulfilled his vows, I flew after him to Modina, in which he gave me an apartment in his seraglio. His own slaves waited upon him, and I every week received from his treasury a sum which exceeded my most ambitious hopes. But I soon discovered that the viands which were served at my table were not so savoury as those I formerly ate, and which were seasoned by hunger alone; that my sleep was no longer so refreshing as that to which I was lulled by fatigue, and that time had not so many charms for me as when labour was expecting its reward. I recollected my ancient enjoyments with regret; and while I sighed, in the midst of all those

superfluities which could not satisfy my desires, I was all of a sudden deprived of them. Almalick, in the height of the glory of his reign, and in the vigour of his age, died suddenly in his bath.

His son Albubekir, who succeeded him on the throne, was irritated against me by those who looked upon me with both envy and contempt. He at once stopped my pension and ordered me to be ignominiously driven from his palace; and his orders were so rigorously executed, that within two hours after the death of my former master, I found myself fallen from the height of vanity and exposed in the streets of Medina to both hunger and derision. O Omar, Omar! If you never experienced the humiliation of disgrace do not blame me for murmuring. Why was this lesson reserved for me in the book of Providence? I have fled from Medina to Mecca and I cannot fly from my own reflections. How different are the three situations through which I have

passed! and notwithstanding, the remembrance of them all is equally bitter." Hassan, having thus concluded his history, joined his hands, and raising his eyes towards heaven, let fall a shower of tears.

Omar waited until the violence of his grief had subsided, and then taking him by the hand, "My son," said he, "do not thus give yourself up to grief; more means of happiness yet remain for you than it was in the power of Almalick to bestow or of Albubekir to take away. The Holy Prophet inspires me with what I am going to reveal to you.

You formerly enjoyed happiness with poverty and labour; you may again find it in the same situation. Were you happy in all the voluptuousness of the palace of Almalick? You would not have been more so in the possession of his empire. Take my advice, put your confidence in him who alone can satisfy all reasonable desires. Fix your hope upon that inhe-



ritance, in comparison of which the whole world is but a drop of water or grain of sand on the sea-shore. Return, my son, return to labour, your repasts will again be savoury, and a balmy sleep will close your eye-lids. Your pleasure will be lasting, it will no longer be dependent on the caprice of man, and your life will be as a pure frankincense before the throne of the Eternal.

Hassan, on whose mind the angel of instruction imprinted the counsels of Omar, went and prostrated himself in the temple of the Holy Prophet. The soft serenity of his soul shone on his countenance like the mild beams of Aurora on the summit of the mountain of Abukabis. He returned with cheerfulness to his labour, and the decline of his life was even happier than his early days.

## VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

LEONARD, Martin, and Julian, sons of three respectable and wealthy farmers, were nearly of the same age, and had been school-fellows. As a certain rivalry for fame and consideration had always existed among the fathers, it might naturally be supposed that some emulation would be transmitted to their children in their early years: so it turned out; and their desire to be raised in honours above one another by their townsmen, acquired additional force as they increased in age. You may well imagine, that being of different dispositions, the means they took to obtain a preference in the village could not be the same. They all three went differently to work, and the sequel of my history will shew which of them best knew what true

honour was, and found out the easiest means of obtaining the wished for pre-eminence.

Leonard was well made and handsome; he had an engaging countenance; his dress was always neat and elegant, and as his business called him frequently to the neighbouring city, he carefully observed, and endeavoured to imitate, the airs and manners of all the fops who came in his way. He consequently turned the heads of all the farmers' daughters for many miles round, and none were found among them who did not dispute the honour, first of having him for a partner in their country-dances, and afterwards of conducting him to the altar to receive his marriage vow.

After he had made his choice for life and established his household, he every year employed a great part of his income in decorating his apartments. His wife and children vied in point of dress with the inhabitants of the great towns, and

he had no rest until he was appointed head churchwarden of the parish.— Having now attained the summit of his wishes, and occupying the first place in all public ceremonies, he considered himself as authorized to treat his former school-fellows with haughtiness and contempt. It would, at the same time, be doing him a great injustice not to acknowledge that he shined in his place. His seat in the church could not have been filled with more dignity, and no one could have a more majestic appearance in the processions. But unfortunately for Leonard, those qualities did not constitute a perfect churchwarden. It is sometimes necessary to be able to write and even to know a little of arithmetic. Now these were attainments which had hitherto but very little occupied our hero's attention. What was the consequence? At the expiration of the first year of his office, when he had to give in his accounts, scarcely an ar-

title was found exempt from error; and he himself could not even read his own scrawl. He was, in consequence, obliged to give up his brilliant functions, and to take from his own coffers what was necessary to make up the deficit. As he had been excessively proud of his title, so he was now in an equal degree laughed at, and his house was in derision called the *Board of Accounts*. Leonard then became convinced that his ideas had been false, and that he had mistaken a delusive splendour for true honour.

Martin, the second of the three rivals, had all his thoughts centred in the old proverb: "money makes the man." His parents had shewn him the example of a rigid economy, and he thought to excel by turning that economy into avarice. As soon as he was of an age to take a wife, he paid his addresses to a farmer's widow who was the richest in the county. It is true the lady was no

longer in her bloom ; but what might have been considered as a disadvantage in point of years, was amply compensated in his eyes, by the near prospect of inheriting a considerable property at the death of her parents, to whom she was sole heiress. They died within six months after their marriage, and Martin immediately entered into possession of all their property. What a subject of exultation for a man who valued nothing like riches ! This new increase to his fortune, however, only fed his avarice, for he imagined that he should be esteemed and respected in proportion as his wealth accumulated. Alas, how deceived he was ! His insolence in prosperity created both jealousy among the rich and enemies among the poor. He was looked upon by all as a man void of humanity. This double renown prevented his being chosen an elector in the primary assemblies, for it was generally feared that his cupidity would in-

duce him to sell his vote to any ambitious candidate who should pay the price. Still less could he be elected to any of the principal or administrative functions, so much was it feared that his avarice would lead him into malepractices: thus his riches, for which he expected to be honoured and esteemed, only served to draw upon him contempt and humiliations.

Julian, whose history I have reserved for the last, had, from his infancy, adopted a principle which I should be rejoiced to find was universally practised by farmers; that is, never to despise new ideas for the only reason that he never had heard speak of them; but on the contrary, when he found them reasonable, to make a prudent trial, if such experiment did not involve him in too great an expence. He was far from imitating those headstrong peasants who reject, without any examination, every improvement proposed which had not

been recommended by their forefathers. But why did their forefathers confine themselves to their uniform method of agriculture? It was because they were buried in ignorance; disheartened and obstinate like them, in refusing to leave the path trodden by their predecessors. It is very certain that if such prejudices had continued to exist, we should not at this time have either potatoes or artificial meadows, and the fields would still be periodically left fallow, in order that they might foolishly take their repose. .

Julian, therefore, was not so stupid as to allow himself to be blindly influenced by old habits in the cultivation of his grounds, and in the management of his family. Upon hearing of any improvements in husbandry, he began with every necessary precaution, by trying the experiment upon a small scale; and if it succeeded to his wishes, he did not fail to adopt the method; he was generally known even to improve upon the new



plans recommended, and he was never ashamed to apply for instruction and counsel to those who were better informed than himself. In this manner he acquired very extensive knowledge and was soon enabled, in his turn, to assist others with directions how to act.

Julian, at an early period of his life, had acquired universal esteem and consideration, which he always turned to the public advantage. Did any mob collect for the purpose of stopping the free circulation of grain, or of committing any excesses in the neighbouring country-seats, Julian threw himself in the middle of the seditious croud; and, by strong reasoning, expressed in affecting language, he made the most unreasonable among them sensible of the danger of such acts of violence, and never failed to bring the ringleaders back to their duty. If a fire or an inundation took place, he was always the first at the spot with assistance, and he was never spar-

ing in his exertions, although frequently at the hazard of his life. How often did he throw himself with his clothes on, into the river to save an unfortunate fellow-creature ready to disappear under the waters, or to bring ashore cattle or goods which had been swept away by the flood. A single family could not perhaps be found in the village, to whom he had not rendered the most essential services.

His fortune was very small; but he was charitable with so much discernment, and he knew so well when to give encouragement and consolation, that the poor had not a better friend. He lived with the strictest economy, yet nothing like parsimony could be observed in his family. Order and neatness appeared to make up for the want of riches, and to preserve him from the embarrassment of profusion. He daily received the benedictions of his aged parents, whom he supported in their old age and comforted

in their infirmities. His wife, although she had been very ill brought up, had lost in his society all her obstinacy, ignorance, and ridiculous vanity. His children were obedient and well educated. his servants were submissive, civil, and laborious; and all those who piqued themselves on having a taste for agriculture, consulted him on the success of his new experiments, and admired their effects on his flocks, his fields, and his gardens.

Notwithstanding the universal esteem in which he was held, a contemptible intriguing fellow had run through the district purchasing votes, and by that means obtained the preference at the election of a mayor. Julian testified neither to his rival nor to any of his neighbours the smallest resentment. He had even the satisfaction of saving the life of the new mayor, who had nearly been massacred on account of his frequent acts of injustice; which conduct

procured him from the administrators of the department, a very flattering letter, accompanied with a civic crown.

No doubt is entertained of Julian being chosen, at the next election, one of the administrators of his district. I am even acquainted with many respectable people in the country, who intend to propose him as a candidate for a seat in the next legislature, in which I am sure that he will be distinguished by his disinterestedness, his love for his country, the extent of his agricultural knowledge, and the justness of his views upon general subjects.

I leave you now to judge, my young friends; which of our three rivals, Leonard, Martin or Julian, have best succeeded in their career, and whether it be dress and riches, or probity, knowledge, moderation and courage, which lead to true glory and real happiness.

## HAPPINESS IN MEDIOCRITY.

ONE of my friends was complaining to me of his situation: "I have scarcely any means of existence," said he, "and I have a numerous family. I cannot longer support the weight of their misery and my own. I have some thoughts of removing to a distant country, for I am ashamed of the life of poverty I have so long been dragging among the companions of my youth. Wherever I may settle I shall not blush at my poverty, since I shall be unknown. Nay, who knows? You have often told me that I have talents and activity; if you were to recommend me to your friend the governor of Gulistan, and that he would employ me in the king's service, fortune might, perhaps, get tired of persecuting me; I might even arrive at dignities."—My friend, answered I, examine well

what you are about. Kings have two kinds of places to bestow : *viz.* those which supply the necessaries of life, and those to which power is attached. In the former, tranquillity is enjoyed; but the latter are surrounded with dangers. You must determine either to content yourself with little, or to live in continual fears.

My friend replied, that, in the disposition of his mind, he could not stop to make these reflections; that his only consolation was hope; that he wished to indulge it; and that, at all events, he depended on his probity to secure him from danger. Alas! said I, you bring to my remembrance the story of a certain fox, who was possessed of a little more cunning than you are. Some one observing him flying towards his burrow, and out of breath, asked him the reason of his speed. "Have you committed any crime of which you dread the chastisement?" — "No, thank God,"

answered Reynard, "my conscience does not reproach me with any thing; but I just now overheard a conversation between two of the king's officers, who mentioned their being in want of a dromedary."—"Well, what is the dromedary to you?"—"Sir," said the fox, "people of genius are never without enemies. If any one took it into his head to point me out as a dromedary to the king's officers, I should be taken and bound without their giving themselves the trouble to examine me." My friend, to return to your business; I am well acquainted with your integrity, but deceitful men will hide the snares which they lay for you. Slander, with its many tongues, will tarnish your name. The prince will be prejudiced against you, and who could you find to undertake your defence? Be moderate. The sea leads to riches; but if you wish your own safety, remain on shore. As your friend, it was my duty to advise you, but it is

also my duty to offer you my services, and I mean to give you a letter for the governor of Gulistan.

The following day my friend departed with my letter. The governor, at first, gave him only an insignificant place; but as he was found to be intelligent, active, and polite, he was soon advanced. His conduct gave equal satisfaction in more elevated situations, and he was, at last, ordered to appear at court. He was esteemed and beloved by the king. . He became his majesty's favourite, and was pointed out in the streets as the friend of the sovereign. He lost no time in communicating to me the news of his good fortune, and I shared in his joy. God be praised! said I, I find that we must never lose hopes of happiness.

Very soon after, I undertook a journey to Mecca. On my way home I met, in an uncultivated but beautiful valley, a man in the dress of a peasant; he had just left a humble hut, and was coming



toward me humming a lively air: he had a cheerful smile on his countenance, and in an avenue of lofty trees in which we were, he thus accosted me: "No sooner had the king called me near his person, than the courtiers, whom you described to me, became my enemies. They accused me of forming dangerous innovations and conspiracies against the state. The king did not take the trouble to investigate the truth. My friends, who were all under obligations to me, were silent, some even joined my accusers. I was thrown into a gloomy prison, where I remained for some time. I was at last liberated, but all my riches were taken from me, and I was sent into exile. You see me again poor, but contented. I know fortune and mankind. I possess a little cottage; and this small field, which I cultivate, suffices for the wants of my family and my own ambition."

## THE NECESSITY OF LOVING AND OF BEING BELOVED.

THE sultan Mahmud had seen the vizir Azamet in his youth, and was so delighted with his virtues that he raised him to the first dignities of the empire. Azamet was no sooner in place than he set about reforming abuses; but the grandees and the inians succeeded in setting both the prince and the people against him.

Being deprived of his property, and no longer having any friends, Azamet retired to the rocks of Korasan. He there lived alone in a hut of his own building, and his sole occupation was to cultivate a small piece of ground, through which meandered a small rivulet.

He had already been two years in that sequestered spot, when his place of retreat was discovered by the wise Usbeck.

The virtuous counsels of Usbeck had, unexpectedly, not a little contributed to the disgrace of the vizir. The philosopher, who had not forgotten his friend in his misfortune, set off for Korasan. Usbeck was within a very little distance of the minister's hut when they met. They soon recognised each other, and the philosopher, while he embraced his old friend, let fall a torrent of tears. A smile brightened the face of Azamet, pleasure and content were seated on his brows, joy sparkled in his eyes. "Blessed be the Eternal!" said Usbeck, "for thus comforting the afflicted: he who possessed a sumptuous palace in the fertile plains of Ghilem, is contented to inhabit a humble hut among the rocks of Korasan. O, Azamet! your virtues have accompanied you to this desart; they console you for the loss of the roses of Herat, the turquoise of Nishapour, and the silks of Mezendran; but have they been able to console you for thus living

far from the habitation of man? Company is necessary to him who has no friends. Can solitude be compared but to the tomb?" In the mean while, they approached the humble dwelling of Azamet, from which the contented owner had been absent since the rising of the sun. Usbeck was surprised at the sight of a young steed galloping to meet them, and which, upon reaching the visir, first caressed him, then turning round, went before, neighing and leaping, until it arrived at the door of the dwelling.

Usbeck beheld two young cows, the inhabitants of a neighbouring meadow, which walked up and down before Azamet, and appeared both to offer him their milk and present their heads to the yoke. They joined his suite. A short time after, two goats, followed by their kids, came down from a craggy rock, and, by their gambols, manifested their joy at again beholding their master,

whom they also accompanied to his own door, frisking around him.

Next came out of a small orchard planted with young trees, four or five sheep bleating and skipping; they licked the hands of Azamet, who returned their caresses, smiling. At the same time some pigeons perched upon his head and shoulders. He then entered the small orchard in which his hut was situated, when a cock perceiving him, began to crow with joy, and at the well known call, several hens, clucking and clapping their wings, arrived to add to ~~his~~ train.

But all these demonstrations of joy and love could not be compared with the affectionate fondling of two young white dogs which were waiting on the threshold for Azamet. They did not come to meet him, but they seemed to wish to shew that they faithfully guarded the dwelling with which they were entrusted; no sooner, however, had he

entered, than they jumped about him, lay down, licked his feet, got up again, and barked for joy. Upon the slightest notice being taken of them by their master, they darted out, flew repeatedly round the house, and continued barking as if they were calling upon the inhabitants of the fields and air to join in their rejoicing. The excess of their pleasure made them almost frantic: they speedily returned quite out of breath, and again stretched themselves at their master's feet. Usbeck smiled at the scene. "Well," said the vizir, "you now behold me what I have been from my infancy, the friend of grateful beings. I endeavoured to render my fellow-creatures happy; they opposed my efforts. I now procure happiness to these animals, and their gratitude makes me happy in return. You see that although confined among the rocks of Korasan, I have companions, and that my solitude is not, as you imagined, the solitude of

the tomb. I am still alive, my dear Usbeck! I am still alive; I love, and I am beloved."

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### FILIAL AFFECTION.

DEMETRIUS, king of Macedon, being imprisoned by Seleucus, wrote a letter to his son Antigonus, recommending to him the care of his concerns in Greece; exhorting him to govern his subjects justly; always to act with moderation, and to look upon his father as dead; conjuring him never to part with any of his cities, or to give up any thing to Seleucus to procure his liberty. Notwithstanding his father's letter might, in the opinion of the world, have absolved him from all censure, he immediately offered not only to give up all his

possessions in Greece, as the price of his parent's liberty, but also his own person as a hostage for him. Seleucus rejected his offers. Demetrius, notwithstanding his son having continued to urge his suit in the most earnest manner, died after three years confinement; during all which period this affectionate son never appeared but in deep mourning, and never once partook of any amusement or public diversion.

As soon as he heard of his death, and that his ashes were coming from Syria, he sailed with a numerous fleet to the Archipelago to meet them. He then deposited them in a golden urn, which, when he entered the harbour of Corinth, he placed on the prow of the royal galley, set his crown upon it, and covered it with a canopy of purple, himself standing by, clothed in deep mourning, and his eyes red with crying.

It is worth observing, that Demetrius likewise had rendered himself very re-



marble for his filial piety: for we are told by Plutarch, Justin, and others, that Demetrius was not only dutiful and loyal to his father, but had so warm an affection for his person, as to be, in the strictest sense of the word, his father's best friend. As all degrees of bliss are either heightened or lessened by comparison, so the happiness of Antigonus (the father of Demetrius) in this respect appeared with the brighter lustre on account of the family dissensions in the courts of his several rivals. Of this he was so sensible, that one day, after Ptolemy and Lysimachus, the ambassadors of Cassander, had left his audience, he ordered them to be called back, because his son Demetrius, coming in warm from hunting, went into his father's apartment, saluted him, and then sat down with his javelin in his hand. When the ambassadors demanded what his pleasure was: "Tell your master," said Antigonus, "besides what I before

mentioned, upon what terms my son and I live."

The sense the father had of his son's inviolable attachment to him, made him readily compliment him with the regal dignity, giving him not only a share in the government, but the title of king; and he never had any occasion to repent of his confidence.

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### THE TOMTIT'S NEST.

"MAMMA! Mamma!" one evening exclaimed Symphronio, jumping on his mother's lap quite out of breath: "See what I have got in my hat!" "It is a tomtit," said Mrs. Bleville, his mother, "where did you find it?" Symphronio told her that he discovered it in the garden-hedge. "I waited for it," said he, "all the evening. I crept softly un-

der the bush, and before the bird was aware, I popped my hand upon it, and seized it by the wings." Mrs. Bleville asked if it was alone in its nest. "No," said Symphronio, "the young ones were also in it; but they are so young that they have not yet any feathers; I therefore do not fear their flying away."—"But what do you mean to do with that bird?"—"I shall put it in a cage and hang it up in my room."—"And the young ones?"—"I shall take them likewise, and bring them up; I shall run directly for them."—"I am very sorry, but you have not time."—"O, it is not far! You know the great cherry-tree? It is directly opposite. I have taken good care to mark the place."—"That is not the difficulty. You are going to be taken away. Perhaps the soldiers are already at the door."—"Soldiers to take me away?"—"Yes, you. The king has had your father arrested, and the guards said that they were going

to return for you and your sister to carry you to prison.”—“Good God! What do they mean to do with us?”—“You will be shut up in a small closet, and not be permitted again to go out.”—“O, what a wicked king!”—“He will do you no harm. Victuals and drink will be brought to you every day. You will only be deprived of your liberty and the pleasure of seeing me. (*Symphronio begins to cry.*) What is the matter with you, child? Is it so dreadful a misfortune to be shut up, when all the necessities of life are furnished in the prison? (*Symphronio's sobs prevent his speaking.*) The king does the same to you as you do to the bird and its little ones.—You cannot, therefore, call him wicked, and not be sensible that you are yourself cruel.”—(*Symphronio weeping*) “I will set my temtit at liberty immediately.”

Mrs. Bleville having observed that what she said to her son was attended

with a good effect, took him in her arms, and told him that she wished him to be properly impressed with what every living creature must feel in the situation of the poor tomtit. "Your father," said she, "is not in prison; and neither you nor your sister are going to be confined; but I wanted to make you feel how cruel you were, in wishing to imprison that poor bird. When you were told that your father was arrested, you were much grieved. That bird was as much so, when you deprived it of its liberty. Can you imagine how much the husband must have pined after his wife, and the children lamented the loss of their mother? On the other hand, how much she must have suffered at being separated from them! You certainly did not think of that, or you would not have seized upon the bird: is it not the case, my dear Symphronio?" "I can assure you, mamma, I did not think about all that."—"Well, well!

be more considerate another time; never forget that innocent animals have a right to enjoy liberty, and that it is very hard to embitter their lives which are so short. You must learn by heart the following verses, in order that so interesting a subject may not go out of your mind.” \*

\* As the Editor in any imitation could not flatter himself with being able to do justice to the song of Mr. Berquin, he has preferred adopting in its stead the charming poem of Iago upon the same subject.

## THE BLACKBIRDS.

THE sun had chas'd the mountain snow,  
 And kindly loos'd the frozen soil,  
 The melting streams began to flow,  
 And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amid the vocal throng,  
 When nature wakes to mirth and love,  
 A blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,  
 And thus it echo'd through the grove.

"O faintest of the feather'd train!  
 For whom I sing, for whom I burn,  
 Attend with pity to my strain,  
 And grant my love a kind return."

"For see the wintry storms are flown,  
 And gentle zephyrs fan the air;  
 Let us the genial influence own,  
 Let us the vernal pastime share."

"The raven plumes his jetty wing  
 To please his creaking paramour;  
 The larks responsive ditties sing,  
 And tell their passion as they soar."

" But trust me, love, the raven's wing  
Is not to be compar'd with mine;  
Nor can the lark so sweetly sing  
As I who strength with sweetness join.

" O, let me all thy steps attend !  
I'll point new treasures to thy  
Whether the grove thy wish befriend,  
Or hedge-rows green, or meadows bright.

" I'll shew my love the clearest rill  
Whose streams among the pebbles stray,  
There will we sip, and sip our fill,  
Or on the flow'ry margin play.

I'll lead her to the thickest brake,  
Impervious to the school-boy's eye  
For her the plaster'd nest I'll make,  
And on downy pinions lie.

" When prompted by a mother's care,  
Her warmth shall forth' imprison'd young;  
The pleasing task I'll gladly share,  
Or cheer her labours with my song

" To bring her food I'll range the fields  
And cull the best of every kind;  
Whatever nature's bounty yields,  
And love's assiduous care can find.



" And when my lovely mate would stray,  
 To the summer's sweets at large,  
 I'll wait at home the live-long day,  
 And tend with care our little charge.

" Then prove with me the sweets of love,  
 With me divide the cares of life ;  
 No bird shall boast in all the grove  
 So fond a mate, so blest a wife."

He ceas'd his song. The melting dame,  
 With soft indulgence heard the strain,  
 She felt she own'd a mutual flame,  
 And hasted to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bower,  
 And nestled closely to her side :  
 The fondest bridegroom of the grove,  
 And she, the most delightful bride.

Next morn he waked her with a song  
 " My love," he said, " the new-born day !  
 The first his matin peal has rung,  
 Arise, my love, and come away."

Together through the fields they stray'd,  
 And to the murm'ring riv'let's side  
 Renew'd their vow, and hopp'd and play'd,  
 With honest joy and decent pride.

When oh ! with grief the muse relate  
The mournful sequel of my tale  
Sent by an order from the fates,  
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd : " My dear,  
Haste, haste away, from danger fly.  
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here;  
O, spare my love, and let me die."

At him the gunner took his aim ;  
His aim, alas ! was but too true ;  
O, had he chose some other game, 't  
As he was wont to do.

Pair, forget the wrong,  
With tears your fate rehearse  
Is plaintive song,  
In my verse.







